This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

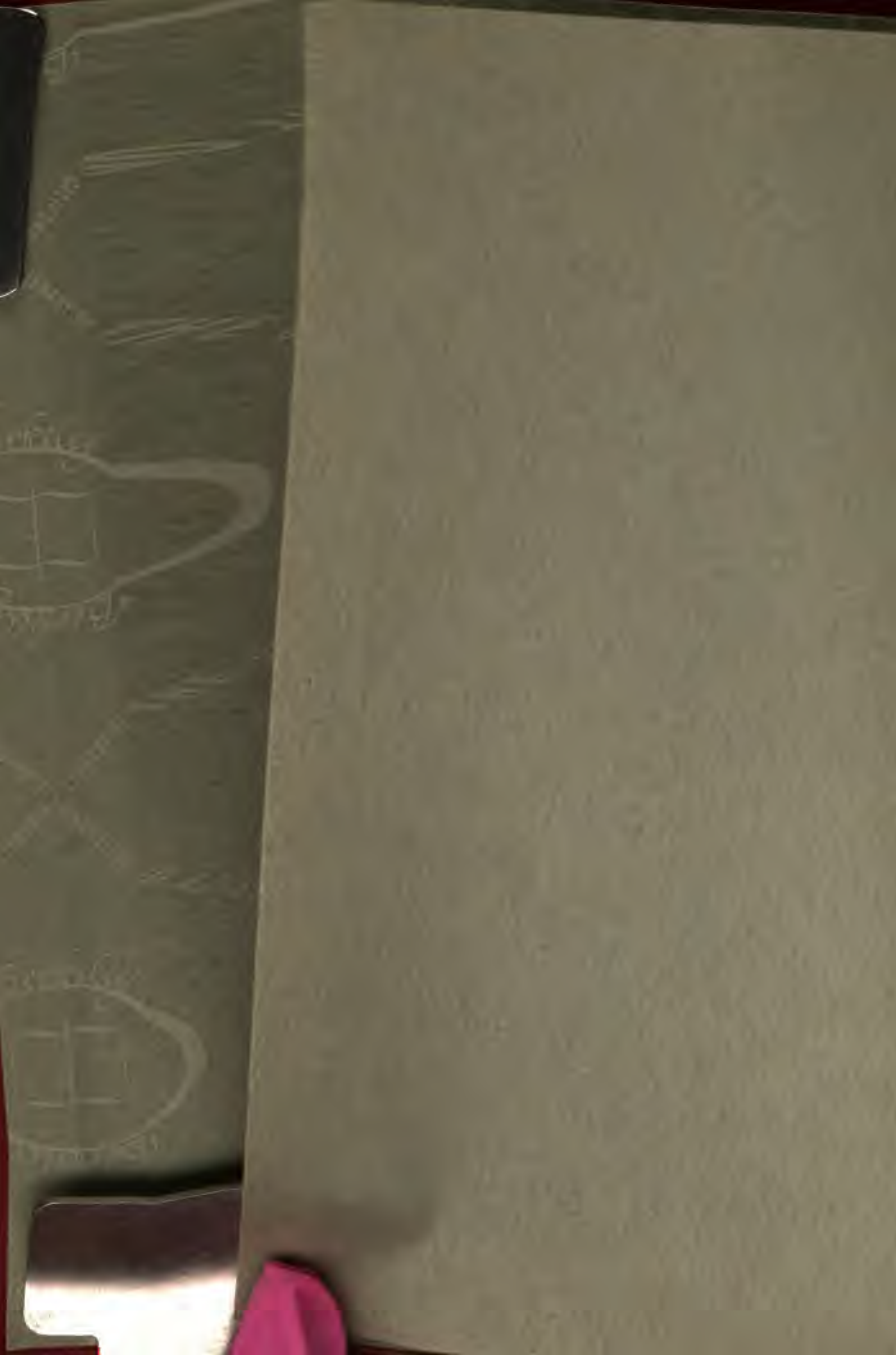
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

"The University's looking at you. Can't you hold them for a minute?"

PENNSYLVANIA STORIES

By

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. F. LINCOLN

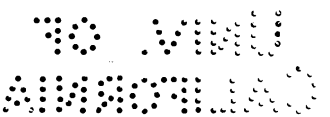
PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1899

Copyright 1899 by The Penn Publishing Company

First Edition printed November 25th, 1899

Second Edition printed December 4th, 1899

Third Edition printed December 14th, 1899



961
Q7
P

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND

GILBERT STUART MOORE, JR.

OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-FOUR

414598

CONTENTS

THE LAST FIVE YARDS	9
ON THE TOP OF THE OLD GRAND-STAND	37
THE CONVERSION OF WARREN FORBES	59
A PAGE TO FILL	87
THE LOST ELECTION	109
THE SECOND ACT	131
HARRINGTON'S COUSIN	165
FOR PENNSYLVANIA'S HONOR	195
WHEN THE COLLEGE WAS YOUNG	225

ILLUSTRATIONS

"The University's looking at you. Can't you hold them for a minute?" Frontispiece

"On the top of the old grand-stand." 38

"We want you to take his part." 146

"You needn't praise him to me," she said. 186

"You've got what you wanted. I'll run." 202

The Last Five Yards

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE LAST FIVE YARDS

FRANKLIN SMITH came down the steps of the Training House just at sunset, sniffing the fresh November air like a man who is pleased with many things. And this sub-consciousness of pleasure continued as he passed down Woodland Avenue and over the bridge, and it made the electric lights seem brighter than usual and the faces of the people who bowed to him more friendly. Six o'clock was striking as he entered his house, and he went up at once to dress, for there was to be a gathering of the whole family at dinner to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. That was one of the reasons why he was happy. Another was that at this dinner his engagement to Dorothy Wistar was to be announced. It had been an understood thing, this engagement, ever since they were children, and yet Frank knew that he loved her as

[illegible]

truly as though her consent had been won after the most violent courtship imaginable. Indeed, her consent could hardly be said to have been given at all, for everything had been taken for granted, and Frank himself had not been asked to ratify, in any formal way, the announcement that was to be made to-night. This did not worry him in the least, however. He loved Dolly, he knew, and he supposed she loved him, and they would be very happy, that was all there was about it. The thought did come to him as he dressed that he had been a little remiss in the rôle of accepted lover, but Dolly was a sensible girl and would understand that the right half-back on the Eleven had duties with which even a love affair could not interfere, and she would wait till the season was over, when he could bring her a little glory, perhaps, as a peace-offering.

The Princeton game was on for the next day, and Frank was himself so impressed with the tremendous importance of this event that it had never occurred to him that an outsider might not only be unconscious of it, but might

even view the game as a rival which was taking away from her the attention that was hers of right. This was exactly Dorothy's position. She had expected all through her life to be Frank's wife some day, and there had been nothing distasteful in the prospect, but she naturally looked upon this total absence of wooing as an infringement of her privileges. She might, at least, have had a chance to say "Yes" or "No," and though the answer, she well knew, would have been the same, still she could not help feeling that that very acceptance would have been the most precious moment of her life. And this had been denied her, and not being a philosopher, but only a very feminine little person, she at first became angry, then grieved, and finally determined, which is a very dangerous state indeed. And deep down in her heart was another feeling, as yet half hidden from herself, a fear that Frank did not love her truly, but was being forced into the marriage despite himself, or was allowing himself to drift into it without caring much about it in comparison with more important

affairs. He did not love her or he would have told her so oftener. This was logical and clear, and fortified by the consciousness of an impregnable position, she was waiting for him outside the library door, which he must pass on his way downstairs.

Pretty soon he came, turning over in his mind the phrases with which he was going to tell her just what the day meant to him, and then, as he reached the foot of the staircase, he saw a very grave little face and heard a voice that was doing its utmost to sound determined, asking him to come into the library for a moment. He followed her wonderingly into the room, and, before he had a chance to ask her what the matter was, she said, quickly:

"Frank, I think you ought to know that I have asked father not to announce our engagement to-night."

"But I don't understand," said Frank, amazed. "Why don't you want it done to-night?"

"Because it may never be done at all. I've thought it all over, Frank, and I see that we're both too young to know what

we really want. I'm not sure of myself yet, and—and I'm afraid you are not, either, and so we'd better be friends still, instead of lovers, I think."

"Oh, you mustn't say that, Dolly," Frank said earnestly. "I know I haven't seen you as often as I should, but I've really been so busy that I couldn't get out to Haverford oftener. You know I've been living at the Training House, and the hours are very strict. But you're not going to let these few months spoil all our lives, Dolly, I hope, for I love you very, very much, and there won't be anything in my life at all, Dolly, if you go out of it."

But Dorothy shook her head. "All this," she answered, "only proves what I said. If you really loved me, you wouldn't let foot-ball or anything else keep you away. But you are not willing to lose a little glory for the sake of a great deal of love, and that's why I think we'd better not bind ourselves forever just now."

"But you don't see things in the right way, Dolly," Frank protested. "I'm doing this, not for myself, but for the Uni-

versity. You haven't been to college and so you can't understand, but when a man has once been picked for a team, he hasn't any right to his time any more. If he's been chosen, it means that he's the best man for the place, and if he should break training or do anything else that made him unfit to play, he'd simply be a cad, and you wouldn't have me that, Dolly, I know."

But Dolly only held her head a little higher. "It wouldn't make you a cad to come and see me," she said. "I'm just as loyal to the University as you are. I've been to every game this fall, and I'm very fond of foot-ball, but I'd have given up every one if you had wanted me to. There isn't any one more loyal to the college than my father, but I know he'd have given up his cricket or anything else, if mother had asked him, when she was a girl."

Frank could not help feeling a little amused at this logical speech, especially at the implied comparison between a cricket match with Haverford in the sixties and a foot-ball game with Princeton in the nineties. And his lips must

have betrayed him, for Dorothy turned suddenly and left the room.

Frank stood for a moment, gazing at the doorway through which she had passed, and then followed her downstairs, hardly knowing whether to take her words seriously or not. By the time he reached the lower floor, she had mingled with the other guests and he did not have a chance to speak to her again till they were seated together at the table.

"Look here, Dolly," he said, fumbling with a bit of bread, "did you mean what you said upstairs?"

"Why, yes, of course," answered Dolly, and then she turned from him and plunged into a violent discussion of the next day's prospects with her cousin on the other side. Frank made a few attempts to attract her attention, but though she seemed very willing to include him in the conversation, she gave him no opportunity to speak of the matter which lay nearest his heart. So he sat during the rest of the meal in silence, thinking how he could best restore the friendly footing which her words had

broken, and finally he saw to his relief that her right-hand neighbor's attention had been distracted for a moment.

"Dolly," he said, very slowly, "I'll have to be going soon, and I won't see you again till after the game. If you don't want to take the heart out of my play to-morrow, you'll take back what you said. Won't you?"

Dolly very nearly yielded to his tone even more than to his words, but the last fortifications of wounded vanity refused to surrender and she only said:

"I'm sorry, but I can't. Hush now, your grandfather is going to speak."

The table grew quiet as the head of the house rose in his place. Dolly could not help thinking how much he looked like Frank, as he stood there, with his tall, erect figure, his clean, sharply-cut features, and his crown of white hair.

"It pleases me very much," he began, "to see all of us together to-night, because it should be a happy time for every one who is connected with our family. For the first time a grandson of mine has become a man, and it is a good omen that on the very next day he will

be called upon to show his manhood in the service of the college which we all know and love so well. Many of us have served her in this last hundred years, in the Faculties and among the Trustees, on the water and on the field, and more than once one of us has left her halls to fight for the nation whose colors she herself has taken. We know that he will be worthy of her and of us. We all shall be there to see him to-morrow, and whether defeat comes or victory, let him play till he drops for the sake of the college and we will be satisfied."

Frank left soon after they had drunk his health, and being somewhat late, hurried down the steps and took a car out to West Philadelphia. That is why a little figure in white, who had run to the door to say good-by and to tell him she loved him, saw only the clear, cold night—and her mistake.

II

It was "white man's weather" the next day, and the town was alive. By noon Broad Street Station was full, and

the "siss-boom-ah" and the "long hoo-rah" were drowning with cheerful impartiality all other sounds and rendering even the gatemen's offices sinecures. But for the crowd there assembled there was only one destination, and the best thing to do was to yield one's self up to the rush which swept through all the gates and stormed the specials that were waiting in the trainshed. It was a jolly crowd and a friendly one, for it is a curious trait of human nature that a man may cherish respect and affection for the members of a college whose name and colors he considers it a duty to hate most thoroughly and conscienciously. And, indeed, many a family betrayed on that day a divided allegiance, and many a girl who sported loyally the colors which her father or brothers had brought her up to love, found it impossible to wish for a defeat for those other colors, with whom she had perhaps a dancing acquaintance.

But when the field was reached at last, the lines were more sharply drawn. There was a Princeton side and a Pennsylvania side, and the adherents of either found

it more pleasant to be on the one to which they belonged. By common consent the side on which the permanent grand stand stood had been given to the home college, except the three large boxes in the centre, two of which bore already the orange and black, while the third remained empty. The crowd amused itself with jokes of all kinds and watched with superior air the delegations from the smaller institutions who arranged themselves according to their respective sympathies. Much joy was caused to the Medicals on the north end by the advent of a crowd from one of their rival colleges, who were yelling vociferously for Princeton. The Meds waited till the visitors were opposite them and then burst out in chorus, "Quack! Quack! Quack, quack, quack!" to their own most thorough satisfaction.

Dorothy's party came late, and as they walked toward the middle box, which was to be theirs, the shouts and the cheers dissipated rapidly the feeling of resentment which had filled her soul and made her once more the loyal Pennsylvania girl she had always been. She

entered the box first, and as she did so she noticed the orange and black decorations which covered the neighboring boxes. Quick as a flash she turned to the man following her and took the large red and blue flag which he was carrying. Then, glancing defiantly to the right and left, she walked down to the front, waved the colors vigorously for a moment and then draped them over the railing. There was a wild yell from the crowd at the graceful action, and she shrank back a little startled, but proud of what she had done, and wishing only that Frank had been there to see that she, too, was loyal.

A moment later, there was a fluttering of flags on the coaches at the north end, followed by a roar from the crowd, and Arthur Pemberton, the captain and quarter-back, jumped over the fence, followed by the Pennsylvania eleven. A second later, from the other end came another roar, another wild waving of flags and the Princeton team was in.

Those who heard the rebel yell at Antietam say it approached in volume and intensity the cries which sprang

from the throats of the twenty thousand spectators as their favorites leaped into the field. On one side the yell had behind it a year of waiting—of waiting filled with the memories of defeat which to-day's longed-for victory must wipe out. On the other, it spoke defiance, and confidence that they would take away with them another victory to add to the long list which was already theirs. And, besides these general emotions, it meant to each one there something particular and personal, and no matter what it signified, it came from the very heart of him, and that is why it was so strong. That cry has not sounded for some years now, but we, who stood through sun and rain to hear it, and who lived on its memory from one year to another, shall never forget it.

The cries died away as the two teams lined up, and Dorothy caught her father's arm tightly as she watched Frank standing with his hands on his knees, waiting for the Princeton team to open the game. They commenced with the "V-trick" in those days, and just as the strain became too much to bear any longer there was a

quick motion and the whole eleven came thundering down the field. Right under the feet of the moving mass Penn's three centre men threw themselves; the ends and the backs came together as though drawn by a magnet and the pyramid toppled and fell.

"They haven't gained!" shouted some one, and the stand was suddenly filled with a flood of red and blue. Another crash and another roar and the ball went sailing down toward Penn's goal. Frank caught it, and Dolly's heart went up in her throat as the Princeton right end took him neatly around the knees and he came down with a crash on the twenty-yard line. Now began a series of attacks on the centre and tackles which slowly but surely brought the ball up the field. Fleming and Dennison, the two giant guards, again and again opened up the centre, and by five yard, by three, and even by one yard gains, Penn kept the ball and went forward. It took fifteen minutes to bring the ball to the ten-yard line, and then, just as the crowd rose to their feet, MacClellan, the left

half, fumbled, and the ball was lost. A groan went up from the Pennsylvania stand, for a moment later, the Princeton full-back had kicked it out of danger. Again the attack commenced, again Penn's three centre men tugged and strained and opened up holes through which the backs plunged, and again the ball was Penn's on the five-yard mark. But the Princeton line held this time, and after three downs the ball was sent flying back again by the right leg of the best full-back in the League. Dolly and about ten thousand others felt their hearts sink as they thought of the long, wearing struggle that had to be gone through once more, but the team only gritted their teeth and went at it again.

There was not much left of the half when they reached the ten-yard line once more, and two downs gave no gain. Dunlop, the full-back, fell back for a kick, the ends dropped behind the line and spread out, while the halves took their places, and the crowd wondered whether Pemberton had lost his senses. But the little quarter-

back rose, took the ball and kicked it far out to the left, where the end was waiting, and in two seconds the leather was over the line. Then like a flash the grand stand grew five feet in height and the roar that followed lasted till all the voices in the vicinity were cracked. During the excitement, claims of "off-side" were freely made and repudiated by the captains, but the referee decided in favor of Penn, the goal was kicked and the man who had invented the new play stood on the side lines in silent joy.

A few minutes more and the first half was over. During the intermission the Penn contingent on the bleachers were patting each other on the back, the Athletic Association stand was singing thoughtfully, earnestly, and well, and Dolly was drinking in the conversation of the people who passed to and fro underneath, and who were talking about nothing but the wonderful charges of the backs and the splendid work of the guards through that first half. But the coaches on the side lines were not so jubilant. They had noticed that Flem-

ing and Dennison had walked off the field while the rest had run, and they knew if that centre should ever weaken, it was all up with Penn. Princeton was stronger at the ends and at full-back, and they shuddered as they remembered how they had stood helpless on those same grounds one year before and seen their beloved team, broken and disorganized, pushed ruthlessly back by the same men who were now returning to the field with a touchdown the one object of their lives.

It was Penn's ball. The pyramid started with the cheers of ten thousand back of it, but the gain that was hoped for did not come. Nor did it come on the next down, and Penn was forced to kick. The crowd were simply sorry without knowing exactly why, but the coaches knew that the strain had been too much for Fleming and Dennison, and if Penn could hold her own now, she would be lucky. But the Princeton team were no longer on the defensive. From their twenty-yard line they started, and around right end the clock-like interference came. Down under their feet Frank

and the right end dived, but there was a five-yard gain, and it was only the beginning. Yard by yard the Nassau men kept on, sometimes losing the ball, but always regaining it quickly, gaining on every kick, on most of the end plays, and even plunging through the fast weakening centre. Twenty-five minutes after the half began they were on the five-yard line. The centre held this time, and the first down gave no gain, a right-end play yielded only one, and every one heard his own breathing as the procession started around left end. Over the left end and tackle, over MacClellan and Dunlop the interference went, and then a little figure flashed through the air and the runner and the captain of Pennsylvania's eleven came down on the turf together. The referee rushed in and said something, and the jumping figures told the College of New Jersey on the bleachers that a touchdown was theirs. But amid all the yelling and waving the little quarterback lay grasping the ground with his nerveless fingers, and he did not rise until four of the subs carried him

slowly off the field. He was not even conscious that his name was ringing through the air at the end of the "long hoorah," or of the fact that the Princeton men even stopped their jubilation for a moment to pay a tribute to the pluckiest tackle of the day.

There was a hurried consultation of the Pennsylvania coaches while the goal was being kicked and then Frank was sent in to quarter to run the team, a sub was put in his place and the game started from the centre of the field once more. It was the same story over again; a whirlwind of attack that seemed to grow fiercer as the half faded away, a stubborn defense that was playing almost without hope of victory, but only to avert defeat. Back to Penn's five-yard line the play came, and Dolly was sure she heard Frank's voice through the stillness, calling on his men to make a stand. And they did. Three times the Princeton attack was thrown back without gain, and the ball was Penn's. One roar, and the cheer died on the men's lips as the signal was given. Dunlop dropped back for a kick, but the Prince-

ton right guard was through and Frank fell on the ball only just in time.

"Second down, six yards to gain," said the referee.

Frank turned to him.

"How much time is left?" he asked.

"Two minutes."

He knelt down in his place and spoke softly to the two guards.

"Denny," he said, "and you, Carl, the University's looking at you. Can't you hold them for a minute?"

Frank never understood how it came to him suddenly, as he knelt there, that he was to win the game, but he knew it just as surely as he knew that Fleming, above him, was breathing in short, thick sobs, and he gave the signal for a trick that he had invented and which they never had tried. It may have been madness or it may have been inspiration; it has always been called the latter. The signal came, the flying interference started for the right end, and the whole Princeton team rushed there for defense. The next instant MacClellan was flying around to the left, the ball tucked under his arm, and Frank five

yards behind him. There was only one man to pass and he was waiting for them. Right into his arms MacClellan charged, and then just before the crash came, the ball shot from under his arm and Frank, catching it, went speeding on down the field.

He forgot the shouting, screaming crowd, the Princeton rushers straining every nerve behind him; he was conscious of but two things—the goal-line in front of him and the seconds as they flew, for he was racing against time. Sixty yards—forty—twenty—ten,—and then there was a sudden loosening of his shoe-string, a wrench of his ankle, and he fell on the white dust of the five-yard line. He tried to rise, but the sharp pain told him his ankle was gone, and half fainting, he dragged himself by his elbows and knees over the goal-line just as the referee's whistle sounded and the Princeton team fell on him. Then he forgot things. But he dreamed rapidly and confusedly. He dreamed of a vast mob which surged over grounds and buildings, and which seemed able to say only one thing—a

name he knew. He dreamed, too, of a girl with a white face who was grasping the rail in front of her, and staring into the crowd as though there were but one person in it. And then there was a hospital, and best of all there was an awakening, and home, and Dolly bending over him.

He did not remember all this till afterwards when he was sitting up in bed with his head bandaged and his leg tied up and he was feeling ridiculously weak and light-headed. But he was happy, for Dolly was there, and she was very good to him. He did not know that she had sent every one else out of the room, and she was just going to say something very important, when a distant hum attracted his attention, and he asked her to go to the window and see what it was.

"It's a big crowd," she said, "turning into Walnut Street. They have a band, and they're coming this way. Oh, I believe they're going to serenade you!" She clapped her hands and danced for joy.

Frank blushed.

"Nonsense," he said, "I didn't do anything."

"Hush!" she answered, "they're singing."

Through the quiet evening air they could hear the words distinctly, as the band struck up "John Brown's Body," and the marching crowd began:

"Sing a song of glory, boys, and make it loud and strong.
Sing it as we always sing it, while we march along,
Let the dear and honored name be ever in your song
Of Pennsylvania!
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania,
Pennsylvania!

"Oh, it's fine, Frank! They all have torches and it reaches to Twenty-third Street. Oh, I believe they're stopping. Ned Houston is leading them and he's going to say something. Your father's come to the front door to answer."

Dolly stepped back into the shadow by the bed, and their hands met. They could both hear Houston's voice as he stepped to the front.

"Mr. Smith," he began, "the University has come down to thank your

son for what he did for her to-day, and to say that she is proud of him. We're all sorry that he's hurt, but there isn't one of us who wouldn't be glad to be in his place if he could have done what Frank's done to-day for Pennsylvania. We're on our way down town to the theatre, where we are going to teach the town that we beat Princeton, but before we go we're going to give a yell for Frank that he'll be able to hear. Now, fellows, are you ready, — one, two, three!"

And the cheer that followed brought heads to every window and made the panes rattle.

Frank heard his father's reply and then another cheer and the tramping of the hundreds of feet as the procession started again.

Dolly knelt down beside him.

"You'll forgive me for what I said last night, won't you, Frank? You were right—I didn't understand."

Frank smiled and took her other hand as she bent toward him.

"There isn't anything to forgive, Dolly, between you and me. There

couldn't be. But I'm glad you've seen what the old place means to us."

They were very quiet after this, so that they could hear the voices as the crowd turned into Broad Street, singing:

"Throughout all our college life we've sung these songs of Penn,
Sung them for her colors and her maidens and her men.
We will sing the chorus till the echoes ring again
For Pennsylvania!

On the Top of the Old Grand Stand

ON THE TOP OF THE OLD GRAND STAND

In the days when Franklin Field was a dream and the Triangle a hope, there stood on the old Athletic Grounds a rickety structure which bore without reproach the name of "grand stand." Its lower floor was filled to overflowing on this particular afternoon in spring, for Harvard had sent down its ball team, with an enthusiastic crowd of rooters, and the concentrated loveliness of Philadelphia had deposited herself on the grounds in consequence. The Athletic Association stand to the right was jammed with a joyous crowd, who were already tuning up for the game, while to the left the long lines of the covered stand showed an unbroken mass of black and colors, which, brimming over, extended to the line of carriages at the end of the field.

On the roof of the grand stand there sat a little group of men whose elevated positions corresponded exactly to the tone which they assumed toward the surrounding world. They were the correspondents who wrote for the college and daily papers, and their words upon the game about to begin would be read next day with interest and attention by thousands, including many of their classmates and friends, who were not accustomed to listen to the oral opinions of these judges with either interest or respect. Nor can it be said that the conduct of these gentlemen was of such a nature as to inspire even the slight portion of respect which the average undergraduate has to spare. They ranged through all grades of social, political, athletic, and scholarly distinction, and were alike only in an ability to write well upon any subject without accurate information, and in an infinite capacity for guying. There was Ned Houston, for instance, whose people had come over with Penn, and who wrote for the *Red and Blue* because he had a fancy for light literature, and there was Billy Hill,

"On the top of the old grand stand."

who lived in blessed ignorance of his grandfather's first name, and who was correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, and wrote weekly letters to the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Herald* because it was paying his way through college. And yet these two men loved each other very much, as was evidenced by the fact that Houston never took down any score whatever, but copied Hill's after the game was over, and contented himself by making remarks which reflected on his friend's ability to spell. Next to Hill was Warren Forbes, of the *Pennsylvanian;* Fred Adams, of the *Record;* Carl Fleming, of the *Times;* Jack Gordon, of the *Ledger;* and others whose connection with journalism was more than doubtful, but who liked to sit up on the reporters' bench and take up necessary room.

The crowd had just gone into a Committee of the Whole on the subject of Houston, who had appeared in a frock-coat, and was under strong suspicion of having worn a high hat out to college that morning. Houston explained that he was under the painful necessity of

attending a tea at five o'clock and would not have time to dress, so he was forgiven after a thorough and conscientious search of the coat had been made by Hill and Forbes in order to satisfy the rest that the high hat was not concealed within it.

"By the way," Houston said, attempting to change the subject, "have you heard the latest Muncker story?"

"How can we know unless you tell it?" answered Gordon.

"Well," continued Houston, "I will first explain, for the benefit of Fleming and the others equally ignorant, that Muncker is an instructor in Physics, and is Dutch. He had been tutoring a Freshman all spring at three dollars an hour, and finally flunked him in his finals. So his mother called on the Doctor and was shown into that little room of his, where the air is so bad that it follows you out and stays with you while you faint. Their conversation, as reported by Fenimore, who was taking a re-exam in the next room, was like this:

"'I'm very sorry to hear, Dr. Muncker, that my son has not passed his ex-

amination. What seemed to be the trouble?'

"'He has not done very vell, your son. I am very sorry, too, madam.'

"'But wasn't his work good?'

"'Yes, my dear madam, your son's vork was goot and original, you understand, but I could not pass him.'

"'But I don't understand, Dr. Muncker.'

"'I beg your pardon, madam, I vill explain. De original parts was not goot, and de goot parts was not original, you understand, so I could not pass him.'

"'But I surely thought he would pass. Didn't we pay you enough, Dr. Muncker?'

"Fenimore says Muncker swore. I don't consider it a good rule to believe Fenimore, but perhaps it was so. At any rate, Muncker burst out:

"'If you vas a man, Mrs. S—, I vould throw you out of my room. As you are a voman, you understand, I vill leave it myself.'

"And Muncker slammed the door and came in and sat down in the outer room. About an hour after-

wards, Fenimore gave in his paper and Muncker took it and went back into his office. Fenimore heard him give a yell, and when he walked up behind the Doctor, and looked in the room, he saw that Mrs. S—. was still there.

"'Vy are you still in my room, vat?' asked the Doctor.

"'Because I couldn't leave,' said Mrs. S—. 'When you went out, you shut the door so tightly that the lock sprung and I couldn't open it."

"Fenimore left just at this moment, so I don't know what happened after this—hello, Harvard's going to bat first!"

"Let's give the team a yell," suggested Gordon.

"Calm your excited nerves," said Forbes, "and wait till you have some reason for yelling. Besides, I don't approve of yelling, anyway. Leave it to Freshmen."

Gordon's polite reply was prevented by the fact that the first Harvard man at bat had made a hit into deep right and had reached second.

Fleming produced a dime and laid it

on the bench. "I'll bet ten to five he gets home," he said.

"I'm sorry to observe you gambling again, but I'll take you," answered Adams, "because at least we can understand what you are trying to say, which is a relief, but if you spring any of your deeply involved bets on us, I'll throw you off the roof."

"Dry up and look at that," yelled Gordon, as a neat double-play brought the bleachers to their feet, and before the cheers had subsided, the third Harvard batter was thrown out at first.

It was Penn's turn to bat, and the men on the bleachers, who had been yelling only at intervals, now began an incessant din, composed of "long hoorahs," "quick ray, ray, ray's," "wiskey wowwows," and all the other varieties of yells, which came out in rapid succession. Pretty soon a leader was demanded by the crowd, and an individual in a pink shirt and giddy clothes was pushed over from the front row into the track, and under his skillful encouragement the noise became even worse.

"There's that dashed fool, Waters, at

it again," growled Forbes. "I wish some one would drown him. People can't half hear what the umpire is saying. Was that a ball or a strike?"

"A ball, I guess. I score upon the broad ground that Field always gets his base anyway, so that there's no use counting strikes on him," answered Hill. "Besides, that cheering is a good thing; it may rattle the pitcher, you know. I've seen many a game won by hard yelling."

"Well, they'll have to yell pretty hard to win to-day."

Fleming, nothing daunted by his former failure, produced another dime. "I'll bet any one even that he doesn't get to third," he said.

Hill took him this time, only to lose his dime, as the next three men went out. In her half of the second Harvard succeeded in getting one man around, and was only prevented from scoring twice by a beautiful throw of Merton, the short stop, to the plate.

"It was a good day for the team when Merton was elected captain," observed Adams.

"Yes, only he tries to play too many positions," said Gordon. "Look how deep he is playing. There's no use covering centre-field when you're down on the score card as shortstop."

"That's all right, my son," answered Adams. "When you grow up and know more, you'll be able to see that Merton gets lots of pop-flys that generally fall between short and centre, and he can throw so well that he can get the ball down to first just the same."

Heidel, the third baseman of Penn, had just come to the bat, and after Fleming had offered ten to twenty-five without takers that he would go out on a fly, Forbes asked:

"Did you children ever hear of the trick the team played on Heidel when they went up to Harvard last spring?"

"Don't let us interrupt you, Warren," said Houston, and the former continued.

"Well, you all know what a country jay Dutch was when he came to college. He was so green that you always expected to see shamrocks growing on him, and so when the team struck the Fall River boat that night, they selected

him as a rare and joyous specimen. Early in the evening Merton told him it was one of the rules of the boat that every one of the passengers must wear a life-preserver during the night in case of accident, and that a steward would come around each hour and see that the rule was observed. Heidel believed it all, and Field, whose room he shared, fastened the thing on him when they went to bed and then shoved him into the lower berth so that he wouldn't see Field turn in without one. Every once in awhile Field would wake up and look at Heidel, who was rolling around in misery down below, and if he saw any signs of Dutch taking the life preserver off, he would lean over and press the button and the steward would come around and knock at the door. Field had put him on to the game, and he passed on after asking if everything was all right. This kept up the illusion beautifully, and when they came home Heidel took a train from Boston."

"That was pretty neat," said Houston "but you couldn't play that on Heidel, now. It's astonishing what college will

do for a man, anyhow. Just look at Adams there; when I saw Fred first, he was a mild-looking object, with a grip and spectacles, who left college on a run as soon as recitations were over. I detected, however, the germs of good in him when he came out and lost both the grip and the spectacles in the corner rush, and then I took him in hand and made a man of him. Who would recognize the Honorable Frederick Bartram Adams, Chairman of the Record Committee, Class Secretary, bum politician and power behind the throne in general, in that little piddling whitling, who stood on the front steps of College Hall like a lost sheep on the first day and called Otto 'Sir'?"

As he reached this point Adams gave a violent push, and Houston, being on the end, went down with a crash, causing a few little shrieks from the girls underneath as the rickety old grand stand shook under the force of the blow.

"Or take the horrible example of Ned Houston," observed Adams, as that gentleman arose, with a wrathful glare in his eye. "When he came to

college first he taught Sunday-school down in St. Peter's—an infant class of girls, too. I know it because he used to brag about it. He gave this up in Sophomore year because some of the class saw him at the Bijou, and ever since then he has been going down hill. It was only last week I was down at Soula's, on business for the paper, and I saw him standing on the table, addressing an audience of about fifty on 'Free silver.' It was the funniest rot, too, a mixture of Walton's lectures and the *New York Yellow Journal*."

The game had been progressing rapidly all this time, as both teams were going out in one-two-three order, and as the second half of the sixth began, the crowd on the bleachers grew restive.

"Everybody up!" called out Waters, whose loud shirt was wilting under the influence of his great exertions. All the men stood up and then began to chant, "We won't sit down till we make a run" over and over again. The first man struck out, but Merton, the second, struck a beautiful low drive over third, and made his first in safety, stealing

second base a moment after. The next batter sent a long fly out to left, and Merton went to third on the throw in. Field was given his base on balls, and Harris, the weakest hitter on the nine, came to the bat.

Fleming was on hand as usual. "I bet a quarter even he ends the inning," he said.

"What do you mean, anyway?" demanded Hill. "If you mean that he gets out, why don't you say so?"

"I mean what I say, 'he ends the inning.' He can end it by forcing Field or any old way he pleases."

"Well, I'll take you," said Hill, "only I wish you'd learn to bet sometime."

On the first ball pitched Field started for second, and at the same instant Merton made for home. The catcher threw to second, but Field stopped half way, dancing up and down the line in order to give Merton a chance. The second baseman ran down the line after Field, then, as the catcher called for the ball again, he sent it home, but too late to catch Merton, who slid in

under the back-stop's legs. Field, in the meantime, had made a break for third and reached it safely, and amid the blowing of tin horns and "wiskie wowwows" innumerable, the game went on. The pitcher became a little rattled and sent three bad balls to Harris, but the latter was nervous, too, and instead of waiting, attempted to drive the next, with the unhappy result of making a scratch hit in front of the plate. The catcher picked this up and touched Field, who had come in from third, and the bleachers gave a groan, but the run had been scored and they sat down.

During the next two innings nothing happened, and Hill and Fleming had a hot discussion as to the result of the bet, the former claiming that Harris had not ended the inning, as Field had been put out without being forced. This delicate point was referred to Houston, who announced that he would accept a quarter from each in part payment of his subscription to the *Red and Blue*. This proposition being treated with scorn, the two gamblers agreed to let it stand on the game.

The ninth inning opened in profound stillness. The first Harvard man up hit a pretty single to right and the second was given his base on balls. A long fly, nicely caught by Field in deep centre, advanced each of the runners a base on the throw in. Fred Graves, the best batter on the Harvard team, stepped up to the plate, and the spectators held their breath as the pitcher stood ready to deliver the ball.

It was really a frameless picture at which the little group on the grand stand were looking. The sun had dropped sufficiently to throw a shadow over the diamond, while the out-field was still lit up by the slanting rays which struck full on the gray walls of the Hospital and, stretching further, touched with their fingers of glory the roof of College Hall. They saw, as they sat there, Captain Merton shake his long, light hair out of his eyes, and heard his "Steady, Pennsylvania," echo over the field. The ball was delivered; there was a crack, and they saw Graves tearing to first. But the other men did not run, and in a second they saw why.

Merton had caught the hot grounder almost as soon as it had been hit, and he was holding it, glancing rapidly from one base to another, while the Harvard men, not knowing to which base he would throw it, did not dare to run. Merton waited till Graves was ten feet from first and then like a shot sent the ball down, and the runner was out. It takes much longer to tell it than it did to happen, and it was all done so quickly that it was not till the bleachers saw Graves walk away from first, and noticed the other men standing on second and third, that they realized what had occurred. And then the "long hoorah" boomed out, and the tin horns sounded, and even Warren Forbes got up on the bench and shrieked in honor of the headiest play of all that hard-fought game. The noise was scarcely over before it began again, for the next Harvard man struck out, and it was Penn's chance to win if she could.

"Everybody up again!" yelled Waters, and the bleachers rose to a man. Merton walked to the plate with the whole crowd calling to him for a home run. But the pitcher had his orders, and no ball came

near enough, so Merton walked to first. On the next ball pitched he went down the base line like a flash; there was a cloud of dust, and he was safe. He was called back, however, for it had been a foul, and a groan went up as the catcher caught it after a hard run, and one man was out. Field came next, and almost cried as his line-drive to short was taken in by a wonderful jump of the Cambridge man in that territory. And here were two men out and Harris at the bat. The yelling had a note of entreaty in it now, and indeed the chances seemed desperate, for Harris had never been known to make a safe hit in his life, and it was only his pitching ability which had placed him on the team.

"I will bet," observed Fleming, "seven to five that Merton gets to third before Harris makes first."

"Oh, say!" expostulated Adams, "I've heart disease and I wish you'd quit."

"I'll take you," said Hill, "in nickels," and then the conversation ceased, for the pitcher was getting ready to deliver the ball for the fifth time and Harris

had already two strikes and two balls. It came and Harris did not move.

"Three balls!" cried the umpire.

"Now he's got to do something," said Gordon, as he half arose in his excitement. Merton had stolen second again and had taken a good lead off the base, and as soon as the pitcher's arm began to move he started to run. The pitcher saw him out of the corner of his eye and sent a straight, swift ball down so that the catcher could nail him at third. It was the opportunity of Harris's life, and he rose to it grandly. There was a crack and the ball was out in centre, bounding along toward the fence, and Merton was safe at home.

And then began a scene beside which the former demonstrations had been as nothing. The pink shirt of Waters was lost to view in a crowd of excited beings who swarmed over the track and made a break for Merton and Harris, who were soon up in the air and traveling over in the direction of College Hall. Stout and usually dignified graduates jumped up and down in their seats and frantically waved anything within reach.

Gloves were split in clapping and larynxes in yelling and every variety of musical instrument lent its tribute to the din. And through it all, acting as a kind of middle distance, rose and fell the long, swinging song of "Pennsylvania" to the tune of "John Brown's Body," which has the capacity of becoming either a dirge or a pæan of joy, according to circumstances.

Fleming gathered up his seven coins and invited the crowd over to Murphy's to liquefy. They all accepted but Houston, who was seen to his car by the crowd who instructed the conductor in loud tones to "put this boy off at Sixteenth Street," and then departed to arrange the score so that the various accounts should agree. What they did the remainder of the evening is not necessary to chronicle, but on the authority of Hill it is stated that Fleming was seen at twelve o'clock trying to arrange a bet of eight to three with a tree-box that a "purple car" would not come along within three minutes.

The Conversion of Warren Forbes

THE CONVERSION OF WARREN FORBES.

WARREN FORBES had come to college possessed by one idea, namely, that the sum total of all the evil in the University was comprehended in the word "Fraternity." He had had this impression instilled into him by his grandfather, who had been one of the local leaders of the Anti-Masonic Party, and to whom everything in the nature of a secret society was the invention of the devil. As a consequence, Forbes looked upon the little shields and crosses, which he saw glittering upon the vests of the upper-class men, on the opening day of college, as hostile symbols, whose influence must be for evil and must be opposed by him. He could not help seeing that the Fraternity men were in general the best dressed, the most striking-looking and seemed to be enjoying themselves the most, but he

comforted himself by thinking that it was all appearance, for men of real worth could hardly belong to such foolish institutions.

Being a tall, pleasant looking fellow, and coming of good people, it was not long before Theta Chi gave him a bid to a rush smoker, which he promptly and rather unceremoniously declined. This fact, being reported at the Kappa Phi house, was considered as an evidence of good taste, and that Fraternity began rushing him, with a similar result. He refused the advances of two or three more Fraternities and then he was let alone. In the meantime, he had seen all the prominent men from his school join one of the various Chapters and his sense of pity for them began to be mingled with a suspicion that something might be wrong, either in his own or his grandfather's conception of life. He did not like to believe this, of course, and he comforted himself by the fact that he was not alone in his "neutrality," but that there were fully a dozen other men who had been bid and were remaining neutrals for some reason.

It was at this time that he began to know Fred Adams, and the friendship then formed lasted all the rest of the four years. These two men were the centre of all the organization that the neutrals possessed, and they soon commenced to devote their attention to politics, which were in a decidedly unhealthy state. Theta Chi had been exercising its genius for imperialism by taking unto itself all the offices in the class, and Forbes, pleased to find some definite cause for dislike of a Fraternity whose close union he secretly admired, bent all his efforts toward its defeat. He was unsuccessful in this, but the attempt was good for him, in so far as it brought him in contact with a great many men in the class. The defeat was good for him, too, as it taught him the value of organization, and it led him indirectly to take a greater interest in the college itself. For seeing that the power of the Thetes was too great to be broken as yet, he devoted his energies to other institutions, such as the Glee Club, Zelo and the *Pennsylvanian*, and these efforts soon developed in him a deep sense of

loyalty to the college, while the companionship he thus formed made a Fraternity less necessary to him.

Gradually, however, the leaders of the neutrals either joined a Fraternity or left college, and when Adams decided finally that he could afford to accept Kappa Phi's bid, Forbes began to feel lonely. He knew nearly everybody in the class, it is true, but he felt no certainty that his friendship with any one of them would last after college was over. It might happen, or not, just as chance willed, but he was not sure of any one. He began to have a feeling of shyness in approaching a group of men if they were all Alpha Psi or Kappa Phi or Theta Chi, because he was afraid of interrupting a conversation on Fraternity matters. Then he commenced to avoid the Fraternity men, but that soon became impossible. And through it all he refused to acknowledge, even to himself, that he had made a mistake. He tried to pride himself on his consistency, and his undivided allegiance to the college, but somehow he could not feel entirely satisfied with his success. He be-

gan at last to envy Parker, who had never attended a class meeting and who lived for Greek roots alone, because he at least was happy, for he did not know any better.

Forbes was, of course, unaware of it, but he had been the subject of considerable interest to several of the Fraternities during all this time. As soon as Adams joined Kappa Phi he commenced to urge the Chapter to make another effort to secure his friend, and at the beginning of Senior year the plans took definite shape.

"I'll make a date with him to go to the theatre," said Adams, one afternoon after lunch, "and I'll ask him to stop here for me. All of you who can, be on hand, especially the men in his class. I won't be here when he comes, but you make him feel at home, and when I do turn up it'll be too late for the theatre, and we'll try to keep him for the evening. For heaven's sake don't let him think he's on inspection, but just be your own sweet selves, and I think we'll land him."

One evening in the latter part of the

same week found Forbes walking down Locust Street toward the Kappa Phi house. He had hesitated before agreeing to meet Adams there, as he felt it to be a deviation from the course which he had laid out for himself and which he had so far rigidly pursued. Adams had noticed his reluctance, had laughed and told him that he would not be eaten, and Forbes had felt that it would be foolish to persist in his refusal. In his own heart he was glad of the chance to see the inside of one of those places of mystery, which had become associated in his mind with a great invisible force which was keeping him from thoroughly enjoying his college life. The Kappa Phi men he knew seemed like other mortals, and yet he felt sure that in the privacy of their hall they would develop some new and strange character, and he was very anxious to see what this might be.

As he rang the bell he heard the sound of a scuffle inside and a chorus of voices shouting, "Fresh! Open the door!" and a very jolly youth, whose appearance indicated that he had recently been used as a broom, answered the ring.

"Adams will be here in a moment. Won't you come in?" he said, and Forbes entered the enchanted halls.

His first sensation was that of disappointment. There was nothing strange at all, only two pleasantly furnished rooms, filled with comfortable lounging-chairs and couches, covered with a wealth of cushions. On the walls were hung pictures of the University buildings, interspersed with portraits of the Chapter at various times and of the different athletic teams. In one corner stood a piano, around which a group was gathered; two or three men were smoking in the back room and there was a circle near the large front window which contained most of the men he knew.

Gordon stepped forward to welcome him. "Fred ran around to see Houston a moment," he said, "and told us to keep you until he came back. Sit down and have a pipe."

The circle greeted him in various ways, and soon he was in the depths of a comfortable chair, puffing away at some very good tobacco. He felt quite

at home, too, and much less strange than he had expected. The thing which he noticed at first was the total absence of all restraint. No one took the slightest trouble to be polite to any of the others. When a man had anything to say he said it and when he had not he simply kept quiet. Forbes was of course not a stranger to the unlimited guying and cheerful impudence which flows continually through college life, but even among the crowd with which he traveled there was always a limit beyond which no one went. Here there was none. Every one was so sure of the friendship of the rest that the idea of offence being taken never entered his head. It was all due to the fact that each man there had been the unanimous choice of the previous members of the Chapter, and they knew it. They were all so accustomed to it, also, that they never noticed it, but the guest in the armchair did, and it was only the beginning of his lesson.

The crowd were discussing the approaching bowl-fight between the two lower classes, and the Seniors were

openly regretting the comparative tameness of the contests of that time, compared with the tremendous conflicts of their own days.

"Our fight in Freshman year, I am proud to say," observed Gordon, "was, in the words of the *Press*, the next day, 'one of the bloodiest and most disreputable contests ever seen on the University grounds.' The Sophs had brought the bowl up to chapel and the fight began right there and extended all over the grounds and covered, in the shape of private fights, all the boarding-house district. I was one of the crowd selected to sit on Fleming, who was Bowlman, and I feel proud of the job. At least it took us a half hour to get him alive again, that is, as much alive as he ever is, but not a Soph touched him."

"Did you win?" asked Harris, one of the Freshmen.

"No, it was a draw as usual. They couldn't put Carl in the bowl and we couldn't break the bowl. We did get it away from them for a time and hammered it on a fire plug, but we only

cracked the plug. You remember that part of the fight better than I, Forbes, I guess, as I was sitting on Carl."

"Why, yes," Forbes said, "Ned Houston and I had the bowl and were banging a plug with it while the best scrappers in the class formed a ring around us and the Sophs were dancing outside wild with grief. All of a sudden there was a rush and before we rallied one of the Sophs pulled the cap from the plug and the stream of water struck me full in the stomach. I shall never forget how that water felt. It was icy cold and of course I was warm, to say the least. What became of the bowl after that I don't know. The Sophs got it some way, for they had it at Class Day, I think, didn't they? I went away early last year and didn't see the circus."

"They had it when I gave it to them," Gordon replied, with a chuckle. "You remember how they stole our bowl about a month before Commencement. You see," he explained to the others, "Dennison was elected custodian of our bowl and he kept it in the Theta Chi

house. Well, the bowl was stolen one night; no one knew how, of course. The Seniors, as they were then, acknowledged the theft and said they intended giving it back to us on Class Day when their President was to transfer his gown to me as President of the next class. We couldn't find out where they had hidden it, but we determined not to be left entirely, and so we laid a plan to steal theirs in return. So Fleming disguised himself as a messenger boy—we picked him for the part because he always walks like one any way—and went to the house of Clint Strange, who, we knew, was keeping their bowl. He informed the servant that Strange had sent him for the bowl and had told him to take it to the Opera House. The man asked him which bowl he wanted. Carl was dazed for a moment, but his brain got acting again and he said he would take both. So the man gave him not only their bowl but ours as well and, I understand, was looking for a situation shortly after. When the time came to transfer the gown I had the pleasure of giving Ninety-

blank's bowl to them instead of receiving one."

Gordon's speech was interrupted by a sudden burst of melody from the group around the piano, who burst into one of the Fraternity songs:

"Oh, we'll whoop her up for Kappa Phi, we'll whoop 'er up again,
We'll whoop 'er up for Kappa Phi, a jolly set of men!
We'll whoop 'er up for Kappa Phi, the name we all revere,
For hearts are light and heads are tight while Kappa Phi is here!"

It had all seemed so comfortable and homelike that Forbes had almost forgotten he was an outsider and this song jarred on him. With a natural revulsion of feeling he sought some cause for his dislike. On purely artistic grounds this was not hard to find, but he wanted something more tangible, and the old sentiment which he had often heard and repeated rose to his mind: "A man's usefulness to his college is lost when he joins a Fraternity." These fellows who were singing stanza after stanza in praise of their Chapter could not possibly have time and enthusiasm left for the college itself. It meant

more to them probably that they had taken a good man away from Theta Chi than that the University had beaten Princeton. It was the old story of a house divided against itself, and he began to be sorry that he was there and wondered why Adams did not come. And then he heard a cry: "Now for the last spasm," and the whole room took up the song:

"Then whoop 'er up for good old Penn and make it loud and strong,
The College that we love so well, that never can do wrong,
For we'll be true to Red and Blue through every passing year,
And no disgrace shall touch the place while Kappa Phi is here!"

He was a Senior and he ought to have known better, and yet the words, as they rang from the lips of the score of men, thrilled him through and through. The sentiment was not particularly new or very artistically expressed, and still it proved to him as no argument could have done that an influence hurtful to the college could never come from a place whose very atmosphere was so charged with loyalty.

And this may have been the reason why Adams had arranged that the song should be sung just before his entrance.

He came in with an air of great haste, intended to conceal the fact that he had been waiting on the porch for the last five minutes, and after expressing regret that it was too late for the theatre, he asked Forbes to stay awhile, and Warren was easily persuaded.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a look at the house," suggested Adams, and then, as they moved into the hall, the bell rang again. When the second Freshman on the list had been assisted in the performance of his duties, a tall, well-groomed fellow, carrying a suit case, appeared in the doorway.

"This is the Kappa Phi house, I believe?" he asked.

The crowd in chorus informed him that it was.

"I'm King, of Michigan," he said, and he dropped the case and held out his hand. Gordon stepped forward and took it in both his own and said warmly:

"We're awfully glad to see you. Come right in. Here, Fresh, one of you take

his suit case upstairs. You'll put up here, of course?"

"Why, yes, indeed, if you'll have me. I'm on my way to the other side, and so I stopped off to see the boys. You're nicely fixed here."

Every one came forward and introduced himself, and gave their visitor the grip. Then they all moved back into the parlor, and Forbes found himself in a circle somewhat larger than before, and as the attention of the group was fastened on the stranger he was at liberty to survey in silence a scene which was very interesting to him. Here was a man, totally unknown to any one in the room, who had come among them unannounced yet confidently expecting a welcome, which the simple wearing of a little bit of jewelry and a peculiar pressure of the fingers had secured for him instantly. No one there had ever seen the college from which he had come or had the slightest knowledge of his family, his friends or his past life, and nobody seemed to care about them in the least. To them it was sufficient that he was a member of Kappa Phi, and because he

was he had a right to anything his brothers could give him. And as Forbes well knew, King could have found in any other college of importance a Chapter of Kappa Phi and as hearty a welcome.

"I hope you'll stop over to-morrow and see the place," Adams was saying.

"I should like to very much," King replied. "We've heard a good deal about Pennsylvania in the West lately, and it'll be interesting to see the life here."

"I'm afraid we can't show you that in a day," said Gordon. "You can see the buildings and the Library and the mummies and all the rest of the things that are always shown to visitors, but the life —that's another matter. You have to live four years here to know it, and even then you are only beginning."

"Of course you're right," said King, "but where do things centre—in places like this?"

"That's just it," Adams observed, thoughtfully, "it doesn't centre. It scatters itself all over the town and spills over on the Main Line. There isn't a set of people in the city who are not con-

nected with the University in some way, and only a man who has been born in Philadelphia knows how many sets there are. They all meet here and rub up against one another, and it does them good."

"But I should think this separation of your city and college life would hurt the latter somewhat," suggested King.

"Oh, not very much. There is a certain type of man who refuses to take an interest in college matters because he's afraid if he does people will think he has too few attractions outside, but he's rare, I'm glad to say. And the best cure for such a tendency is right here." And he looked around the room inclusively.

"That's so," said Fleming, with a smile. "I'll never forget one day in Freshman year when I was sitting here and old Caldwell came in. He was the most enthusiastic dashed man I ever knew. It appears there had been some sort of impromptu scrap between our class and Ninety-blank, and he had been directing it in a general way, although he was a Senior, and he had come up here to borrow some clothes to go home in.

When he saw me he demanded the reason of my absence from the fight. I told him I didn't know one was on. 'That won't do,' he said; 'your only excuse for living just now is to be of use to your class, and you'll have to keep on deck all the time to see if anything is on.' And then he sat down and lectured me for half an hour, during which time he convinced me that I was totally insignificant and had no right to an opinion on any subject and also informed me that the Chapter gave me a month to choose some sphere of activity and make a shining success in it. If I remember rightly I was to be President of all four classes at once, edit both papers, and, in my leisure moments, manage the Ivy Ball and captain the Eleven. I'm sorry to say I didn't follow his advice, but he meant well."

"Yes," sighed Adams, "if it hadn't been for me you'd have sunk into insignificance long ago. And in most of the chapters here, King, you'll find the same spirit."

"But isn't there something distinctive," persisted King, "something you

can put your finger on and say, 'this belongs to Pennsylvania'?"

"I'm afraid not. It is just like it is in every other large University; there are so many individuals that there is no type. If there is anything distinctive about the place, perhaps it is that we combine the advantages of a small college with those of a large University. The classes in each department are not too large for every man to know all the rest if he wishes, and still we have the equipment and the athletic successes that come with numbers. If any one comes here simply to study, he may keep out of sight as much as he wishes, but no one is lost here if he wants to be found."

"I'm glad to hear that," said King, "because I've heard that in the Eastern Universities the opposite is true; that a man must come well introduced or he's liable to be lonely."

"I can't answer for all the colleges," said Adams, "but I know our own place, and I feel sure that if a man is a gentleman, is interested and is willing to work for the college in some way, he can't help making friends."

"It sounds very pleasant," said King, "but I should think that if Philadelphia society is so complicated as you say, there might be some awkwardness after college is over."

"Oh, no; not at all. Our democracy, if you like to call it so, rests upon the well-understood basis that no one shall try to make a social step-ladder of his University life. If he did, he would probably be pushed off at the top, even if he hadn't had the ladder pulled away from beneath. To put it concretely, there is no reason why you should ask a man to dinner because he rows next you on the crew or is with you on the *Red and Blue*. And just because that is so well understood, you can call him by his first name and you can both help the college along without anything unpleasant occurring. For example, I know every man in my class, I think, and yet I doubt if I could tell you the addresses of more than a dozen outside of my own Chapter."

"I'll have to tell you, King," said Fleming, "the reason why Adams knows so many of the men. You see he is a

bum politician and corruptionist in general. It's really wonderful to what lengths his passion for power will lead him. Why, last spring several of us thought it would be a good plan to make him President for Senior year, and we were keeping it as a pleasant surprise for him, when he found it out some way. He didn't say a word, but in two days he had pledged half the class to vote for Gordon, and then he crowed over us and advised us in a patronizing way not to attempt any politics without consulting him."

"Fleming's an awful liar," Adams explained to their guest, but there was something in the thoughtful way Gordon was mussing Adams' hair which told King that Fleming had spoken the truth.

Forbes happened to be sitting near the door, and as the last speech was finished he saw two men enter the hall. One he recognized as an Instructor in the University and the other was known to him by reputation as one of the fastest men in town. He was wondering what had brought them there and

together when Gordon saw them, too, and went out to greet them. Forbes had no intention of eavesdropping, but from his position he could not help hearing their conversation.

"I'm awfully glad you came out to-night," Gordon began. "We've done all we could, but it seems of no use. He'll bolt to-morrow, I'm afraid, unless you can do something with him."

"Has he heard from home again?"

"Yesterday. The same kind as before. Said he'd disgraced the family and all that, you know. He'd have gone to-day if I hadn't made him promise to wait till you came. And the worst of it is that it could all be fixed if either side would give way a little, for he hasn't done anything so dreadful after all."

"No, but he has no business to try it. His brother went that way and I don't blame the old man for being strict. But, see here, Jack, I'm glad to do anything I can, but it seems to me I'm hardly the man to do any preaching."

"I don't want you to do any preaching; that'll come later. I want you to

keep him from bolting or doing anything else that's foolish. Just show him the uselessness of it all—for him. You're the only man he'll listen to, because you're the only one he thinks knows as much as himself. And then you can come in, Doctor, and tell him what he owes to us, to keep straight, you know, and how we'll all stand by him if he stays and faces the music. You'll find him on the third floor, and if you want me I'll be near. We're going to show a couple of men over the house."

Forbes could easily imagine what had occurred, and as he and King were shown through the various rooms he could not help feeling the great strength of the bond that had brought two such different men together at the bidding of a boy to help another boy through the crisis of his life. And when they passed by one of the doors behind which he heard the sounds of subdued conversation, and one or two fierce exclamations, every one of the little pins which glittered on the vests of the men around him seemed to be lent a new force and an added meaning.

The rooms were types of the usual varieties found in the neighborhood of institutions of learning. They varied in artistic worth, from Harris's symphony of signs and advertisements to Gordon's collection of beer-steins and threatening display of Gothic armor, and they occupied the visitor's attention for only a few moments. Returning to the first floor, they found that their absence had been utilized by the rest to prepare an impromptu lunch, accompanied, to the surprise of Forbes, by cider and lemonade. These, then, were the beverages in the "nests of dissipation," as he had so often heard them called. Adams explained as he offered him his choice.

"The reason we don't allow anything stronger," he said, "is not on account of Fleming's well-known propensity for getting drunk and disorderly or because Gordon sees things whenever he smells a fizz cork, but because we think it better to let the men get that sort of thing outside of the house. There isn't a man in the Chapter, probably, who doesn't drink, but there might be, and we'd rather no one would take his first

drink here. That's all. Let's go out on the porch."

The crowd trooped out and festooned themselves on the railing and the steps. The large front window was open and the light streamed out into the night. The air was still quite warm, the moon was coming up, and the college lay quiet in the soft light.

"Give us a song, Jack," said some one, and Gordon, who had a voice, started "Mandalay," and they all joined in the chorus. Then when it was finished Gordon stood up, and his clear, strong voice rang out alone again,

"The moon is on the ivied tower.
The night is dark and still,
The college clock tolls out the hour,
Let all their glasses fill.
And first we'll drink to dear old Penn,
Whose fame shall never die;
And then we'll let our toast again
Ring out for Kappa Phi!"

There were some more songs, and then Forbes felt that it was time to leave. Adams went with him to the gate and said,

"Come again, soon," and then added

with an amused look, "we didn't eat you, did we?"

"Oh, no; I feel quite intact," answered Forbes, smiling. But as he walked slowly home, looking straight before him into the darkness, the smile died on his lips. For he saw what he had missed.

A Page to Fill

Morris, "the paper never has been out on time and never is expected. Besides, by holding it over we have a chance to run in an obituary on Professor Worthington, who died yesterday."

"But it won't look well to have an obituary on a man who died on the second of the month in a magazine which is dated the first," said Dunne.

"Oh, yes, it will," put in Houston. "If it's viewed in the proper light, it will be looked on as a proof of our incessant activity in gathering news, which, like the telegraph, annihilates time, and goes out into the highways and byways of the future and compels news to come in."

"Well, we'll have to run it in," sighed Frank, "but there's another thing, and that's verse. There hasn't been any decent verse in the paper for two months, and we've got to have some for this issue. You can do it, if you want to, Fred, but you're too confounded lazy to think, even. I wish you'd wake up."

"Speaking of verse," said Houston, "here's a specimen I found this morning

in the box, unsigned. I'm going to have an ornamental frame put around it and hang it in the office as a model. It's too good for the paper."

"Let's see it," demanded Dunne, and he took it, laughed, and then read it aloud. "It's called 'Mother,' and begins:

'Upon a bed a boy did lie
In pain and anguish dying,
Beside him stood the doctor, good,
With a despondent face.

'Around the bed in silence deep
Were voices low in whispers,
And there lay mother, sick and ill,
From long-continued illness.

'Her only joy in life was he,
This boy her sole supporter,
And now when life and soul had gone
In vacancy and in despair stared mother."

"That is pretty rich, isn't it? Must have been reading the *Idiot Boy* on an empty stomach, after recovering from Whitmania."

"I guess it's some one trying to put up a job on us," said Morris.

"No, I don't think so," observed Adams. "It seems to me that I detect in these lines the peculiar characteristics

of Edward Houston, and I recognize in them his first steps in verse. I am sorry that he found it necessary to introduce it in this way and to lay the blame on some one else."

Houston treated this speech with silent contempt and Dunne continued his lecture:

"Now there are the editorials. No one writes these things but me, and I'm sick of the job. I've written one for this issue on 'College Spirit,' which makes the eighteenth time that choice subject has been treated in the past two years. I'll tell you, fellows, if you don't get to work at this branch of industry pretty soon, I'll begin the solid article right after the Boards' names, and the paper will stop moulding public opinion, that's all."

Just then the door opened and Will Huddelston, the Business Manager, came in with a weary air and sat down.

"Oh, here you are, at last!" said Dunne. "I would like to inform you that the Board meetings begin at one o'clock."

"Glad of it," answered Huddelston,

"because they're always half through by the time I get here. But you people in the College don't know what work is. Over in the Medical School we can't drop everything to come to one of these functions, as you can."

"I've been attending to your duties, as usual," continued Dunne. "Here are three letters that came this morning. One of them is from a woman who wants her subscription stopped. Listen to this:

"'Editor of the *Red and Blue:*

"'My Dear Sir.—I have written to you every month for the past year, asking you to discontinue sending your paper. I have no doubt it is highly entertaining for those who have time to read it, but I have not. If the paper continues coming I will ask the authorities at the post-office to stop it there.

"'Very truly yours,

"'_____.'"

"All right," said Huddelston. "Put it in the waste basket."

"But you want the address to give to

Gray so that his people won't send the paper there any more, don't you?"

"Of course not. I never bother about such things. Let her have the paper. Gives her something to think about."

Dunne gasped. "But you keep sending her bills, don't you?"

"I suppose so, but she doesn't pay them, so everything is lovely."

"And is that the way you manage all your business?" demanded Dunne.

"Certainly, that's the way the business has always been managed. Do nothing and no one will do you. That's the motto. It gives the paper a pure literary atmosphere without any taint of sordid care about it."

"Well," sighed Dunne, "I give up. But we've got to hear Fred's report of the convention. Spin it out, old man."

Adams began by unrolling a lot of papers. "These are the minutes of the meeting," he said, "taken by your honorable chairman, which I will spare you. We went to the pleasant little town of Lancaster on the 1st, and found there what the Lancaster papers called a

'truly representative set of college journalists.' They were a sweet lot. Most of them came from good farming stock, so that Dunne was right at home, and it wasn't long before he had things in good running order. The president, evidently having seen the convention the year before, didn't come, so Dunne presided, besides acting as secretary. The first matter of importance was the election of new members and the crowd tried to run in some prep school paper from the mining districts where the editor sets the type and the girls sew the cover on the sheet. I opposed this attack upon the dignity of the Association and was ably seconded by the Haverford delegate who, I regret to say, was profane. I am afraid we would have lost if our honored chairman had not decided that the admission of such prep schools was against the constitution, having previously ascertained that that document had been lost. At this point the Lehigh man said it was a long time between drinks, and a recess was taken, during which Dunne and I decided that as we would probably

never send any more delegates, it would be a proud plan to bring the next convention to Philadelphia, in order to show the crowd a real town. So when we reassembled I made my motion and a howl went up and we had it hot and heavy. I must say that while I do not approve of swearing I would go a long way to hear a speech like that of the Haverford man, whose descriptions of the hardships he had suffered in coming to Lancaster and his general and particular opinion of the drinks to be obtained there, was an effort. Dunne and I have determined to put it on the minutes. Well, he wound up by moving that all colleges absent should be voted for by their nearest neighbor and Dunne declared this carried before they knew what had happened. As this threw all the New Jersey colleges to me, we finally passed the original motion. Here the Entertainment Committee came in to inform us that they had provided an oyster dinner. It proved to be a noble repast. We had raw oysters to begin on, then oyster soup with stewed oysters on the side, panned oysters for

something solid, and for a change, fried oysters wound up the affair. And they joked about the matter, to make it worse, till the delegations from Haverford and Georgetown ordered up a large cold bottle, and then they looked troubled. I believe one of the delegations would have left if they hadn't had a toast to respond to. Those toasts were winners. We had some nice talks about 'Co-education' and 'How to Help the Faculty' and then the Haverford man rose to speak on 'The Future of Foot-ball.' He had collected a list of deaths from various diseases and accidents and he went into the matter thoroughly and showed how harmless foot-ball was in comparison. He described all the diseases and then he picked out each member and told him how he would feel under the effects of some disorder. His best effort was probably the result of leprosy on the Lafayette man. And he had a lot of these pictures of jays who have been cured by six bottles and he passed them around and asked for autographs. Then he wound up with a eulogy of foot-ball and tried to sing, in

which he was suppressed. He was such a joy that we kept him with us in the afternoon and finally put him off at Haverford on our way down. I would like to report also that Dunne was sober because he was turned down and that the trip cost twenty dollars."

"Sit down Fred; your report's accepted. If you'll pass me the sauce, Bob, I'll paste the rest of the paper. I thought so," he added a few moments later, "here's a page three inches short. I do wish we had some verse."

"There's some stuff of Loudon's left over from last time," said Morris. "You can run that in, but you'll have to cut it and space it or it won't fit."

Dunne tried it in several ways and finally hit on one. He was about to paste it in when Adams said:

"Are you sure that's the right order of the stanzas? It sounds funny to me."

The editors read it through as it stood and then Dunne laughed.

"I'm sure I don't know how the thing goes. It reads just as well whatever order you use. That is the trouble with Loudon's verse; it's so much in the clouds

that ordinary mortals can't read it. Confound him! he ought to be here anyway. What are we going to do?"

"I'll tell you," suggested Morris. "Let's see how the pieces fit each other where you cut them. Then we'll know which was first in the galley proof."

This being settled all went well till they were through pasting, and then they found that there was still a page to fill.

"Here's a nice fix," said Dunne. "I do think, Bob, you might have looked out for things while I was away."

"It would have been right," answered Morris, "but Hall went shy on a sketch he promised me, and none of the Meds could tell me where he was keeping himself. I haven't seen Huddelston here, either, for two weeks."

"I've been busy," said Huddelston, shortly, "and so has Hall."

"I saw Hall on Thirty-fourth Street yesterday," said Adams, "and he looked as if he had seen a ghost lately."

"He saw worse than that," answered Huddelston, with a slight shudder, as though he remembered something disagreeable.

"Come, don't be so mysterious," said Houston. "Tell us the story of your life."

Huddelston knocked the ash off his cigarette, hesitated a moment, and then said: "It's not the story of my life, and I'm glad it isn't. I suppose I might as well tell you, as half the Medical School has heard about the way it ended. Did any of you know Hall before he came on the Board?"

"I knew him slightly," said Adams. "He came from the West, didn't he?"

"Yes, from Missouri. He didn't seem to know anybody much in town, except his uncle's people and one girl. I never met the girl, though I heard enough about her and saw about a dozen of her photographs, but in our second year Hall and I roomed together and I met one of his cousins often. He and Hall were quite thick; used to dress alike, smoke each other's pipes and all that, and he was always running out to our rooms. He knew the girl, too, and sometimes he'd guy Hall about her, and then Hall would look silly, but didn't seem to mind it much. I

never asked him anything about his love affair, and, in fact, I didn't think much about the matter till one night last fall. I had been to the South Broad and I saw the cousin and a girl come out of the Bellevue and get into a cab together. I caught only a glimpse of the girl, but her face seemed familiar, and when I got back to the house I went into our bedroom to look at Hall's photographs, for I suspected who she was. I found I was right and I was just wondering whether I ought to tell Hall, when I heard a queer noise in the next room, which we used for a study, and I went in. Hall was sitting at the table with his head on his arms, asleep. There was a letter in his hand and every once in a while he'd groan or mutter something, always as though he were talking to the girl. I can't tell you fellows what he said, but he must have loved her very much. And from what I gathered she'd treated him about as badly as she pretty well could. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I woke him up and got him to bed, and he grew quieter. He didn't say anything about the affair to me the

next day, so I never bothered him with my part of the story, and the only changes I noticed were that he worked harder and the cousin didn't come around any more. Even the photographs stayed just as they were."

"It showed in his work for the paper, though," put in Dunne. "Everything he's turned in this winter has been dashed gloomy. I rigged him about it once and he said he'd reform. I wish I'd known. But go on with your story."

"Well, the end came a couple of weeks ago. Hall and I were walking down to the dissecting room about eight o'clock in the evening, and just as we passed the lamp-post at Thirty-sixth and Locust, Hall started and a girl passed us quickly and kept on up Locust Street. Hall stood stock still and stared after her, paying no attention to my questions, and when I saw her stop at our door and ring the bell, I began to feel interested myself. It seemed an age till the door opened and then in a moment we saw her run down the steps and come toward us. Hall stood directly in the light and he was

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

shaking all over. When she reached us she gave a cry and I didn't recognize Hall's voice as he stepped toward her and said:

"'Were you looking for me, Edith?'

"She grabbed his arm, and talked as though she were out of breath.

"'I want you to help me,' she said. 'Oh, Tom, he's dead—and he's here."

"'He's here? What do you mean?' demanded Hall.

"'He was drowned—it was all my fault—and we traced him to—to—all those places they took him to—and we heard he'd been sent here,—and his father was coming out to see you to-morrow, but I couldn't wait—and you'll help me, won't you?'

"Hall turned to me. 'Will,' he said, 'I'd like you to know my friend, Miss Howard. You stay here with Mr. Huddelston, Edith, and I'll go look for him.'

"Hall started down Thirty-sixth Street toward the dissecting room, and she stood on the corner with me for a second, and then she said quite calmly:

"'We might as well walk that way; don't you think so, Mr. Huddelston?'

"I didn't think so, but she didn't wait for an answer, so there was nothing to do but follow her. When she came to the Thirty-sixth Street gate, she turned in, just in time to see Hall go up the steps and into the hall which leads up to the dissecting-room. When she started to open the door through which he had gone, I thought it was about time to interfere, but she seemed so calm and promised so faithfully to go no farther that I let her in, and we stood together for a moment at the foot of the dark staircase. All of a sudden, before I could stop her, she had darted up the stairs. I don't know whether any of you have climbed them, but they're three good, long flights, and she led me all the way. At the top she hesitated for a moment, and I gained on her, and by the time she had opened the door of the dissecting-room I had her by the arm.

"'Miss Howard, you musn't go in there,' I gasped. 'It's no place for you.'

"But she'd already caught sight of Hall, going from one table to another,

and she tore at my fingers with her free hand like a cat.

"'Let me go,' she said, 'I have a right there. I'm his wife!'

"Perhaps I was wrong, but I let her go, and she ran through into the main room. There were a lot of men sitting around, reading up, and one sharpening his knife at the end of one of the rows, but those near her were too surprised to do anything but stare as she went by. When we reached Hall he didn't speak, but he kept on his work of looking at each of the bodies in turn. Most of them were still bandaged up, and he had to uncover each face while we stood and watched him. At last we came to the end of the row where the man was sharpening his knife. The face was bare and I saw both Hall and the girl give a shudder, and, in another second, I knew our search was finished. She turned toward the man, who had dropped his knife and was staring at her, and said, 'Stop—you shan't touch him. He's my husband,' and she threw her arm across the face as if to protect

it. Then she stooped and kissed the forehead, and as she rose she seemed to see, for the first time, the men around her and the long rows of bandaged bodies. She broke down, then, all at once, clung to Hall, and begged him to take her away. He looked like all possessed, but he managed to pull himself together and get her out of the room, somehow, while I stayed to fix up things with the stiff-hustler, so that the body wouldn't be cut."

"Well," said Dunne, as Huddelston paused, "I shouldn't call that the end. What happened afterward?"

"I don't know. Hall came in late that night, packed up some things, and left a note for me, saying he'd be back in a few days. He didn't show up till yesterday, and he's been asleep ever since, so I don't know what's happened."

"He must be all broken up," said Houston. "If you think he'd like it, some of us will go over."

"It's very kind of you," answered Huddelston. "Perhaps it'll do him good later, but just now he's better alone, I think. Hall's queer that way."

Then he looked at his watch. "I have a quiz," he said. "So long," and he disappeared.

"That was an interesting story," said Adams, "but it hasn't filled the page that's missing."

"I don't see why it shouldn't," said Dunne. "Here, Bob, you and I sit down and write it out, and the first one done we'll print."

"But Hall might object," demurred Morris.

"Oh, we can change things somewhat. At any rate, it's his fault that matter is short."

The rest drifted away and Dunne and Morris sat writing for about fifteen minutes, when Dunne said:

"I've put mine into a pastel. How are you getting on?"

"Oh, I'm not through yet," Morris answered. "Run yours in."

"Let me see how you treated it," said Dunne, and then, as he looked at the first few lines, he exclaimed, "Why, you've written it just as Huddelston told it!"

"Yes," Morris said, "It's the way to treat it, I think."

"That's a matter of taste," said Dunne. "But the principal thing is that the issue is ready. Come, let's go up to Gray's."

"All right," said Morris. Then as they closed the door, he added:

"It's rather strange, isn't it, that Hall should furnish the matter for the page, after all?"

The Lost Election

THE LOST ELECTION

THERE are always two or three men in the class who know everybody, who can tell you to a nicety the membership of each Fraternity, and what percentage of neutrals there are, who remember just how the offices have been divided in the past and can predict the future with wizard-like precision. These men rarely gain any important position for themselves, and it is often difficult to explain the attraction which leads them to devote their time to a pursuit which generally brings the ill will of the defeated upon them, unless it be a love of power and a fondness for arranging and executing "deals" and "trades" by means of which their friends may gain the honors for which they are fighting. And a really successful manager can acquire a power which is considerable in the small world in which he moves. If he is a Fraternity man, he may, especially in

the early years of the course, give his Chapter a prestige by repeated victories which is of great value in the "rushing season" or if he is a neutral, he can always, by dint of superior numbers, crush any Fraternity combination that may be made. If he is a Fraternity man to whom the neutrals are friendly, he may do anything.

Fred Adams was one of this kind. He had not joined a Fraternity till Junior year, because he could not afford it, and he had gradually become the recognized leader of the neutrals in their attempt to break the power of the Fraternities, especially Theta Chi, which had monopolized nearly everything in sight during the first two years. In these contests organization had told generally, and the Thetes and their friends had gone on winning with annoying regularity. By the middle of Junior year, when Adams joined Kappa Phi, the feeling among the neutrals had changed from a general anti-Fraternity spirit to a particular hatred of Theta Chi, and his desertion was overlooked on account of his choice of a Fraternity which was the

traditional foe of the Thetes. So he had not had much difficulty in persuading his former comrades to support him at the end of Junior year when, with their help and that of Alpha Psi, he succeeded in defeating Harry Spencer of Theta Chi for Senior President, and in electing Jack Gordon, of his own Fraternity. To do this he had had to defeat a combination of every other Fraternity in the College, and while he had promised nothing definitely to any of his adherents, he knew that expectations had been raised which the committee appointments at Gordon's disposal next year would be totally unable to satisfy, even if Jack confined himself to those who had worked for his election. And this was just what Adams knew Gordon would not do, and he smiled grimly as he thought of the storm that was brewing and that would fall on his head next year.

But when the fall term opened the men who had been beaten came back with apparently no other desire than that of making Senior year a success, and Gordon's opening speech, in which he

announced his intention of making appointments on merit only, was received so well that Adams breathed a sigh of relief and thought everything would be plain sailing. There were a few murmurs when the Record Committee was announced with only two neutrals on it, but they were only temporary, and so Adams felt that he could safely advise Gordon to put the Ivy Ball in the hands of the set who had always managed it, trusting that the rest would come anyway. He saw his mistake the next day when Sharpe, who held the Civil Engineers in the hollow of his hand, came to him with wrath in his voice and told him that he had been ill-treated and that Gordon would have to be more careful or there would be a fuss. Adams felt that it was unfair that he should have the troubles of administration while Gordon had the honors, and so he sent Sharpe to the latter, who being of an independent nature, only made matters worse, by informing the aspirant for social honors that as long as he was President of the Class he would appoint his own committees. Sharpe was seen

the next day in earnest conversation with Carleton, the whipper-in of Theta Chi, and Adams groaned inwardly, for the Honor Elections were coming off the next week and he intended to have a hand in them as usual.

He was sitting in the *Red and Blue* room, evolving schemes with the aid of a pipe, that afternoon, when Ned Houston, of Alpha Psi, came in.

"You're just the man I'm looking for," said Houston. "I understand that the Thetes are cooking up some deal for the Spoon and it behooves us to be ahead of them."

"All right," said Adams, "how many votes can you control?"

"Well, there are six of us," answered Houston, "and there are seven men over in the Bi, where I work, who have never been at a class meeting, and will vote for anybody I say."

"And we have seven," Adams added, "and the men we put up will probably draw a few outside. There will be about eighty votes cast, and as a plurality will elect, the man who gets twenty-five in the first ballot will win."

"I see, and I suppose we divide evenly on the places. You take first and third, and we take second and fourth."

It must be explained here that these Honor Elections are supposed to be for the purpose of determining the popular men of the class; the favorite receiving the wooden spoon, the second the bowl, for which the class had fought when they were Sophomores, the third the cane, a relic of the days of the cane-rush, and the fourth, a spade which is used in planting the ivy with which each class decorates the College building.

"I am agreed," said Adams. "I guess Carl Fleming and Jack Gordon will be our men. Who are yours?"

"Oh, probably Morris and Townsend; but I say, old man, why don't you take one for yourself? It's time you had something."

"Well, you see, Ned, I'm lying low for the Valedictory. It's something I've always wanted and you know the man the class recommends stands a good show with the Faculty."

"If that's the case," said Houston,

"perhaps you'd better let these go. The class is about on to us, anyway, and if they find out about this deal, why your chances for anything they can give are exactly zero."

"I can't help that. Fleming wants the spoon as much as I do the Valedictory, and while he might get it anyway, if he had a clear field, still, now that the Thetes are working, we'll have to head them off."

Houston was called away here by remembrance of an engagement. He rose.

"I have to run in town, now," he said. "We'll see our men by Monday and the election can come off on Wednesday."

"All right," said Adams. "Give my love to the girls."

"It's not girls," answered Houston smiling, "it's girl. And I'll tell you, my boy, that it's mighty lucky for me she's not plural, or I don't know where my degree would be."

Adams sat for some time after Houston left him, with his chair tilted back against the side of the deep window, looking thoughtfully out on the work-

men who were laying the first foundations of Houston Hall. The conversation with his ally had brought to his mind again the one great wish of his heart, and political schemes and deals of all kinds faded away into a dream which was three years old now, and yet had never lost its novelty or its charm.

He was in the Academy of Music, sitting among the class for the last time. The great house was crowded, he knew, though his back was toward it and all he could see were the people on the stage. First the Governor and the Provost, then the Trustees, with their dark clothes standing out in contrast to the gay trappings of the Governor's staff and the brilliant uniforms of the City Troop, and last the Faculties, with their hoods of white, or crimson, or gold. And the "long hoorah" was in the air and every one was excited and ready to have the thing begin. And then the prayer was over and the Provost's speech, and at last he heard his name called and he rose and walked up the steps to the stage to give the Valedictory. And the "long hoorah" rang out for *him*, and he trembled

all over as he thought of it. It had never happened to him but once, when in the last Cornell debate, with the day going against them, he had won for Pennsylvania in the last five minutes, and the thrill that had gone through him then he would never forget.

And then he began to talk, and he knew already just what he would say. He was going to tell all those people, from the Governor down to the prep in the gallery, who came from his own old school, just what the college had done for *him*, Fred Adams —that was to be his speech. They would not guess about whom he was talking, but they would understand when he had finished, what Pennsylvania means to those who know her. He would tell them how there had come to college a boy who was already a bookworm and might easily become a prig; how he had gone home at first day after day, as soon as college closed, and had studied his lessons for the next day industriously and had soon become known by the instructors, and had thought, in his silly little heart, that he was gaining all that

for which he had come to college. And then how one day the President of his class had come to him and asked him if he were going in the Bowl Fight, and he had answered "No," at first and then later had donned his gymnasium suit and gone in, and how he came out of that fight with something in his character that had not always been there and with the fact plainly before him that he belonged to his Class and his College and that their honor was in his keeping. How he had begun to work for them both in his small way, and, athletics being out of the question for him, he had written for the papers and practiced for the debates, and helped on the Class Record and wherever else he was needed. And how gradually, too, the reward had come for all this in the friendship of the men around him and the respect of the whole University. All this he would tell them and much more, and then would come the farewell to the Class, which had given him this honor and which he had worked so hard for and loved so well. And he would speak to them in a way

that would make them see at last, even those who had fought against him, that all he had done had been for her good, that the right men should lead her to the fame she had won. And then he would go down to his seat again, and the world might go on in its own way for a little while, as far as he would care.

Just then the four o'clock bell rang and he walked downstairs to a lecture where he met Gordon and unfolded his plans.

"All right," said his friend; "and by the way, we'll have to elect the Valedictorian on that day, too. The Dean just asked me to let them have our recommendation at once."

This did not suit Adams at all, as he wished the elections to be kept separate, but he only shrugged his shoulders and by Wednesday his train was all laid and the forces of the allies were on hand, including the Biologicals, who, under Houston's careful guidance, were huddled in a corner of the room, looking scared but interested. There were no nominations for the Honor Men and the Spoon election went off rapidly,

Fleming's twenty-five votes landing him a comfortable first, Spencer of Theta Chi coming second, with twenty. Then came the Bowl, and again the allies' solid twenty-five won. The Thetes and their friends voted for Spencer again and this time he had twenty-two. The choice for the Spoon had been a popular one and not unexpected by the class, for Fleming was well known and liked, but Adams could hear a few exclamations of surprise when the result of the Bowl Election was announced, for Morris, though a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, had hardly taken the active interest in class affairs which would warrant the honor given to him. And Adams saw a look coming over Carleton's face which told him that the leader of the "opposition" was beginning to suspect something. Then came the Cane, and by good luck three outsiders happened to think of Gordon this time, and his vote was twenty-eight, and again Spencer lost. He had a total, however, of twenty-five, for the recurrence of his name was attracting the attention of men who had no particular choice of their own. Adams

saw Houston lean over and speak to two men in the seat back of him, and then the Spade election was on and there was a deep silence till the vote was announced as a tie between Spencer and Townsend with twenty-seven each.

Carleton rose quickly and asked for the floor. "There is something I would like to call to the attention of the class," he said. "You will notice that the men who have been given the Spoon and Cane are members of Kappa Phi, while the man who has won the Bowl and the man who is tied with Spencer for the Spade belong to Alpha Psi."

Carleton stopped involuntarily. In the sudden and intense stillness which fell upon the room at the public mention of Fraternities, it was more difficult for him to continue than it would have been if every one in the room had been shrieking at the top of his lungs. For it is an unwritten law in college life that about these organizations nothing shall be said, and Carleton felt every eye upon him as he went on.

"This points unquestionably to a combination made by these two Fra-

ternities for the securing of these offices, and the suppression of the free will of the class, and it is made more certain by the fact that Kappa Phi and Alpha Psi have all the class officers between them, in addition to the Historian, the Poet, the Chairman of the Record Committee, and every other place which political management or the misuse of the appointing power can give them."

It was a daring thing that Carleton was doing, but he had chosen his time well. If any other Fraternity but Kappa Phi had been mentioned, Gordon would have stopped him at once, but, as it was, the President could only sit there with his teeth set and his eyes flashing, and hear his Fraternity and himself attacked.

"I say this now because you should know it," Carleton continued, "and in order that in the election to settle the tie you may break up this combination."

When Carleton sat down, Adams felt that the whole class was looking at him, waiting for a defense of his friend and his Fraternity. And yet he knew that

he must keep silent, for the time had not come to speak. Nothing that he could say would be of use unless he withdrew Townsend's name and that he had no right to do, for his word had been given to Alpha Psi and he meant that the deal should be put through to the end. He felt also that his silence was being misconstrued by both friends and enemies, and the few seconds that elapsed seemed hours till Townsend, red as a beet, jumped up. "If any one thinks—" he began, and then Houston's arm was around his neck, forcing him into his seat and smothering further utterance, and before he freed himself Gordon had settled the matter.

"Mr. Townsend, you are out of order," he said, "and Mr. Carleton, there will be no second vote. As President, I have the right to decide a tie, and I cast my vote for Mr. Townsend. We will now proceed to the nominations for the Valedictory."

It was one of those bold strokes that startle men into silence, and the Thetes, though white-hot, said nothing, but Carleton simply nominated Lyons, one

of his Chapter, and Houston nominated Adams.

The latter rose and his voice trembled a little as he asked for the floor. Gordon, rather surprised, gave it to him, and he began very quietly:

"I have something to say, too, and I want you fellows to listen to me. I am a member of Kappa Phi. You have just heard my Fraternity attacked in an open class-meeting, and it is only right that you should hear her defense. The speaker has accused us of running the class this year. I do not deny it. I am proud of it. If you will think for a moment what our class was during the first two years, disunited, mismanaged, split up into factions, each of which had only its own interests to serve, and compare that time with this, you will see that whoever has worked the change deserves not blame but thanks. We are united now. I could say before to-day that we were all friends, and if I can make it so, we will all be friends again. No member of my Fraternity has ever abused the appointing power which you put in his hands. There are two members of Theta Chi on the

Record Committee, placed there by one of our men. Did your Fraternity"—and he turned suddenly to Carleton—"ever give us anything in those first two years? Not one appointment. But I don't want to make any counter charges, for my purpose in speaking to you above and beyond a defense of my Fraternity, is to ask you not to let one election spoil the work we have all been doing, but to keep the Class together. Don't let's go out like the last class did, with a feeling that we could have had a better Senior year if each one of us had put the Class first and himself last. These offices which seem so important now will grow smaller and smaller after we leave college, and we'll laugh when we think how we fought about them, but the memory of the friendships we made here and the life we lived will never die. And that's why I want the last election of this year to be by the whole Class, and not by a part of it. Mr. President, I wish to decline the nomination for the Valedictory and to move that the election of Mr. Lyons be made unanimous."

There was a confused murmur of

wonder, and then a round of applause, and finally the voice of Houston was heard seconding the motion, and Gordon put it and the meeting was over.

But even the consciousness of having done right, which is supposed to comfort one under all circumstances, and even in some cases to take the place of food, could not prevent Adams from feeling queer the next morning when the announcement of the Valedictorian was to be made in chapel and so he did not go in, but stayed in the hall, watching Pomp in his daily occupation of chasing Freshmen who would talk near the doors while the service was going on. He had spoken slightingly of "these honors" the day before, but he knew that he would have given a year of his life to have won, and he had to grit his teeth a little as he heard the applause inside, which told him the announcement had been made. And then the service was over and the upper door opened and the Seniors came pouring out.

Gordon gathered them together and the next moment a cheer for the Valedictorian sounded through the

hall. And then before the crowd scattered, Carleton raised his hand and called out, "One more for Fred Adams!" and to the watcher in the opposite doorway it seemed an eternity until the quick, sharp yell of his Class rang out with "Adams! Adams! Adams!" after it. And Spencer and Sharpe were yelling with the rest, and he was satisfied, for the Class was still holding together.

The Second Act

"I LIKE a man," she said decisively, "who amounts to something."

"That's reasonable," he answered, with a little laugh, though not like one who is amused. "But what do you mean by it?"

"I mean," she said, emphasizing her words with the sugar tongs, "a man who has led a forlorn hope or won a hard case in court, or shown in some way, even if it was unimportant, that he can think and act quickly and that he can forget himself."

"And you think, Ethel," he said, slowly, balancing the empty tea cup on the edge of the saucer, "that I don't fill the bill."

"Well, to speak frankly, Dick, you haven't as yet. When you were in college you had a good time, but that was all. Everyone says you made a great success in the Mask and Wig. I'm sure I wish I'd been able to see you; but

there you had your part written for you, and all you had to do was to look pretty and say it. You graduated two years ago and you've kept on having a good time. Don't think I'm harsh, Dick. I wouldn't say this if I weren't such an old friend of yours and if you hadn't told me what you did a few minutes ago. You mustn't think of that—any longer—but I—I want you to amount to something, Dick."

If he had not been looking so intently at the tea-cup he might have seen something in her eyes which was not scorn, or anything like it, but he was thinking so hard of several things he might say in his defence, and which somehow he did not care to say, that the last portion of her speech was almost unheard by him. He rose finally and replaced the cup on the tea-table.

"Good-by," he said.

"Oh, it's not good-by, Dick," she objected with a smile. "We'll see you to-night at the Mask and Wig. Have you forgotten mother's box party?"

"No, but you can hardly expect me to be there under the circumstances."

He paused for a moment with his hand on the door-knob, and then he added, in a voice so different from his former careless tone that the girl was startled:

"I shall always love you, Ethel, whatever happens. But if you should ever find that you can care for me, it must be for what I am, and not for anything I've done. Good-by, again," and he was gone.

An hour later, when Mrs. De Lancey was searching for her daughter, to show her a telegram she had just received, she found Ethel looking out of the window from which she had watched Dick Morris walk down the street. And yet when her mother showed her the message from that gentleman to the effect that he had been suddenly called out of town, and would be unable to be present at the box-party that evening, she expressed great surprise.

It was a "first night" of the Mask and Wig. For half an hour the long line of carriages had been depositing

Philadelphia's best and bravest in front of the Chestnut Street Opera House, and the lobby had been constantly emptied and refilled with the daintiest of the new Easter creations. The only unchanging element was the busy hum of conversation which rose and fell in waves of sound that seemed to float over the heads of the crowd, past the ticket-office and into the theatre itself.

Here there was the customary bustle which precedes a theatrical performance, but to-night the ushers were moving a little faster and the seats were clicking into place with more rapidity than usual, for no one comes late to a Mask and Wig show, except those who have never been to one or those who have been to them all.

Mrs. De Lancey's dinner party had unanimously cut the last two courses and had reached the lower right-hand box by a quarter after eight. By the time they had taken their seats the house was nearly full, and there could be distinctly felt that pleasant rustle of anticipation which comes just before the curtain rises.

"I'm glad we're early," Ethel De Lancey said to Ned Houston, who was sitting beside her. "I like to see the people come in, and then I intend to enjoy every minute of it to-night, because I've never seen the Mask and Wig, you know."

"That's a pity," answered Houston, "because now and then it's interesting. Last year it was quite good."

"Yes, but last April we were in Munich, you see, and then the year before mother was not going out."

"And the year before you were not going out," said Houston, with a smile, "that is, unless you gave Mrs. Courtney the merry go-by. Do you remember the time Dick and Bob Morris and I drove out to Chestnut Hill one night, and I interviewed the entire teaching force of the Seminary while you and Mildred let down a rope and —"

"Don't be foolish," she interrupted, with a becoming little gesture of dignity. "Those days are all over now. You're no longer a Freshman and I'm not a school-girl. But you've seen all the

shows; tell me something about them before the curtain rises."

"In the first place," answered Houston, thoughtfully, "I haven't seen all the shows, because I've always been in a box, and in the second place, you can't describe a Mask and Wig show to a person who hasn't seen one, because there is nothing to compare it with. There is absolutely no plot, and all the rules of the drama are violated with cheerful success. There are some good songs and dances, a lot of stunning costumes, a few neat bits of color effect, and that's all. But the curtain's going up now; you can see for yourself."

The stage setting represented a large hall, at the rear of which stood a throne. Upon this sat an individual clad in a short Roman tunic as far as the waist, and below that in the vivid plaid skirt and low stockings of a Highland chieftain. On one side of his head was fastened a diminutive silk hat. He was smoking a large cigar, and had his knees crossed in a nonchalant attitude. And, if unaided by the program, it

would have taken an intimate friend of Franklin Smith some time to detect that gentleman under this effective disguise. On each side of him sat an attendant who was busily engaged in reading a huge volume. One of these was labeled *Quo Vadis* and the other *The Sign of the Cross.*

After a few moments' silence the individual in the centre took his cigar from between his lips and said with a wave of his hand:

"I am Nero—on a compromise basis. Thought you'd like to know it, perhaps," and then after a moment's pause he turned to the attendant on the right and said abruptly, "Come, what do I do now?"

The attendant began turning the pages hurriedly and finally said, in a breathless voice:

"Well, I think you ought to be looking after those Christians; you know we're pretty nearly through the second chapter."

Nero turned to the left.

"What do you think?" he asked of the other.

"I say it's about time you sent for Poppea. That farce-comedy on the right's no authority. All of him is out of me, anyway."

"And all of you is out of *Cineas*, straight from the French—" began the first, but Nero interposed.

"I'll do both, as usual," he said, "then everything will be lovely. What, ho, without there! Bring in the prisoners."

In response to this command there marched in a double file of Roman soldiery, whose huge helmets and immense horsehair plumes would have done credit to any stage. Each pair were dragging between them a woe-begone creature in a coarse tunic who seemed in the last stages of exhaustion. When the head of the procession reached the front of the stage the first prisoner sank completely to the floor.

"Hold on there," called out Nero. "First down—three yards to gain," and the procession halted. "Now, skeletons in armor," he continued, "fall back and give the prisoners air. Come, get a move on." The soldiery fell back to-

ward the wings, leaving the row of prisoners in front.

"Well," said Nero to them, in a friendly tone, "give us a song."

The leader drew himself up proudly. "I'd rather die," he said.

"Just as you please," said the Emperor, politely. "It's purely a matter of choice. Now what do I do?" he added, looking from one of his prompters to the other.

"It's time one of those Christians made a sign," said the first.

"Yes," added the other, "it's high time. It should have been done in the first chapter, but then plagiarists never get things right."

"Well," said Nero to the group inclusively. "Cough up a sign."

The leader placed his thumbs to his ears and wriggled his fingers violently.

Nero nearly tumbled off his perch. "Hold on!" he called out. "Drop that. That means something. Here, skeletons, erase these objects and tell Poppea to approach our Augustnessness!"

Just at this point the orchestra began a slow waltz, and there entered from the

rear a double file of ballet girls, clad in various colors, who pirouetted gracefully down the stage and grouped themselves in front of the soldiers.

"Who are these?" demanded Nero.

"We are the Chorus of Converted Christians," said their leader. "We have come to announce to your Imperial Sovereignty the arrival of the Empress."

"All right, ladies," said Nero; "make yourselves at home, for we wish you were there."

As he spoke the stage became gradually darker, and a calcium light from the gallery began to shed a stream of color upon the open space at the front of the stage.

"Watch the right upper entrance," Houston whispered. "Bob Morris will be coming out in a minute."

Then, as he spoke, the light flashed toward the left, up the stage, the orchestra broke into a popular march, and a radiant image, clad in full ballet costume, with powdered hair coiled regally on her head, rushed through the ranks of the chorus, full into the brightest glare of the lights, stood for a

moment bowing to the tumult of applause, and then turning to Nero, called out loudly, "Me voici! Hier bin ich! Your Highness, I'm on deck!"

"Bob's in great form to-night, don't you think so?" asked Houston.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel. And then they turned their attention to the stage again.

Poppea, after a brief altercation with Nero, had begun one of the dances for which Morris was famous, and the house first grew silent in admiration of his clever work and then burst into applause again as, rising on his toes, he started across the full length of the stage. As he neared the right-hand box, he noticed that his brother was absent, but he had only time to wink at the party when the necessities of the dance carried him away from them, and when the number was finished, it was time for the entrance of Warren Forbes, who was down on the program, with triumphant anachronism, as Boadicea. He advanced to the front of the stage and spoke cheerfully to the house.

"If any of you have left your *Green's*

History of England's 'We are the People,' at home, let me whisper in loud whisps that I am Boadicea, known to my friends as 'Beau.' My business here is secret, and will not be disclosed, except to the leader of the orchestra."

Boadicea's costume was quite attractive. It consisted of a full-dress coat and vest, a helmet with an immense plume, and the inevitable ballet skirt. On her left arm she carried a huge shield with the motto, "WE KNOW WE ARE GOOD."

Suddenly, as she stood there, Poppea rushed up to her.

"How dare you insult me!" she said.

"Why, Poppy, old girl, I never spoke to you at all," answered Boadicea. "My cue hasn't come yet."

"I know you didn't. That's why I'm insulted. Besides, how did you know my name is Poppea?"

"It's on the program," said Boadicea. "Don't you think I can read?"

The old Mask and Wiggers, who were in the upper left-hand box, where it was utterly impossible that they should be overlooked, drew a breath of relief,

when this joke was finally perpetrated. No show would have been complete in their eyes unless this witticism had been introduced, and indeed it has never been omitted.

Boadicea now commenced a vigorous flirtation with Nero which lasted through two topical songs, three dances and a great deal of miscellaneous repartee. In the meantime Poppea had mounted the throne and had persuaded Frazier Rush, who was playing "Marcus the Mark," in a suit of mail and golf trousers, to climb up and sit beside her.

Toward the end of the first act, Nero caught sight of her and became haughty at once.

"I'll trouble you, Mrs. Augustus," he said, "to get off that and go to your own place."

"My place is by your side," answered his wife, "only just at present it seems pretty well filled up."

"Oh, don't let me deprive you of his society," said Boadicea. "I can flock by myself all right, all right."

"Well, Nery dear, I think I'll take

your advice," Poppea said, suddenly rising. "Catch me, I'm going to jump."

Just who was to blame was never quite settled, but there was a leap, a general mixing up of two remarkable costumes, a fall, a stifled groan, and then Poppea came forward smiling, perhaps a trifle too apparently, to sing the last solo of the act.

How he sang that song Bob Morris never knew. All he was conscious of was a succession of throbs of pain shooting up from his left wrist and seeming in some curious way to keep time to the music. When it was finished at last, he started toward the rear again to take up his correct position, but something in his face made Boadicea, forgetful of her former rôle, put her arm around Poppea's waist and lead her affectionately off the stage. Then Morris fainted, and while Jack Morton, the stage manager, revived him, Boadicea returned to lead the grand finale of the act.

In spite of the message conveyed by his telegram, Dick Morris had not left

town, but was sitting alone in one corner of the smoking room of the University Club with a "high ball" in front of him, and feeling decidedly unhappy. He had been hurt that afternoon, both in his vanity and his affections, which is a dangerous combination, and in addition his mind rankled under a sense of injustice.

She had accused him of being idle and of caring for nothing but "a good time." He smiled bitterly as he thought of the hard work he had done in the two years when she and nearly all his friends had imagined him wasting his days in the pleasant but unprofitable ways in which, he reflected, she herself spent her life. He had not studied law or medicine because he had not felt called to either of them, and he had avoided a business career because he felt dubious of his capacity in that direction. But from his Senior year he had felt an uncontrollable desire to write, and he smiled again as he thought how much he had written. Verse, short stories, and essays, but especially verse, stocked every drawer of his secretary.

It had meant long hours of labor, for he wrote slowly, and nothing but a sense of trying to do his best had inspired him, for so far nothing had been published. In the beginning he had sent every manuscript away as fast as it was completed, but after several rebuffs, he had awakened to the foolishness of haphazard contributions, and had begun to study the various magazines and to adapt his writings to one of them. And with this change of tactics had come a slight measure of success. First the editor wrote to him, in returning his manuscript; then came some suggestions as to his work, and finally, on this very day, some verses had been accepted.

For a long time he had intended that on the day when his goal came in sight, he would tell Ethel how much he cared for her, and the manner of her refusal had affected him in consequence all the more strongly. He would have told her all of his plans and their chances of fulfillment, if things had been different, but as they were, he had not cared to do so. And now, if everything else had been taken from him, he still had

"We want you to take his part."

a real grievance, which is not always unpleasant. He was just imagining her sensations when she should receive the number of the magazine containing his verses, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard someone say:

"Here you are. Thank heaven I've found you. I came here first, on spec."

"Why, hello, Morton," he said. "What are you doing here? Thought you were behind the scenes about now. And what do you want with me?"

"Bob, your brother, has sprained his wrist and can't go on in the second act. We want you to take his part. You look like him, and you've been to enough of the rehearsals to fake it through without any one catching on. Come on. I've got a cab below, and we're just in time to make it."

"But, Morton, see here, I can't do it," Dick protested. "I'm awfully sorry, but Bob's got a lot of business in the second act, and I don't know the cues at all, or the songs. And, besides—" as a remembrance of his telegram flashed through his mind—"I'm sup-

posed to be out of town to-night, and I don't want to be seen."

"But you must, Morris, you must!" said the stage manager, beseechingly. "It's the first night, and the show'll be ruined. For the sake of the Club, old man, you ought to, you know. No one will recognize you, I'm sure, in a girl's make-up."

"All right, I'll do it!" said Dick, suddenly, and Morton, congratulating himself on the rapidity of his success, followed him downstairs. In the hall one of the boys approached Morris.

"Here's a note, sir, just left by a messenger-boy," he said.

Dick put the note in his pocket without looking at it, for his attention was distracted on the one hand by the directions Morton was giving him, and on the other by the thought that, after all, he was going to show her what he could do. He did not acknowledge even to himself that he had deviated in the least from the position he had taken. She must care for him for what he was, but still there was no harm in showing her that she might have cared for him for

what he could do. In his fancy he could see her, seated in the box, and Morton's voice seemed to come from some great distance, even though its owner was sitting beside him in the cab, pouring all kinds of miscellaneous information into his ears. They had turned into Eleventh Street before his mind became a little clearer and he understood what the stage manager was saying:

"The others will help you out all they can, and we'll cut one of the songs. The only place where you'll be entirely alone on the stage comes just after the beginning of the act. You have a song with a waltz chorus commencing 'The cream of the game is the end of the same.' I'll write the words on your fan."

In another moment they were at the stage entrance and the principals and half the chorus tried to tell Dick all at once what he was to do. Bob, after a great deal of persuasion, had been divested of his costume, and was sitting disconsolately on a piece of scenery, cursing his luck. He received Dick's overtures of brotherly sympathy with gloomy fore-

bodings of what was going to happen, and added some general directions which were so totally contradictory to anything Dick had heard before that he wisely determined to forget everything and trust to the inspiration of the moment.

The stage setting of the second act, according to the program, was "A Street in Rome," but the architecture was what is known technically as "mixed." The central position was filled by a large and imposing building up to which led a low flight of broad stone steps. Over the portico was hung the legend "CLAUDIUS BUILDING," and on each of the pillars was hung a sign like "Q. FABIUS, GOLF INSTRUCTOR" or "M. PLUVIUS TITUS, PERFUMER TO MOST OF THE EMPRESSES." To the right and left were other and smaller edifices, each bearing a name. Prominent among these was one on the extreme right, very close to the box party, the "VILLA CARACALLA," from the balcony of which hung a transparency with the words, "LODGING BY DAY OR NIGHT."

Violent love-making was going on between Nero and Boadicea, culminating in

their departure into the Claudius Building for a marriage license.

"Let's hurry, or Poppea will be on to us," said Nero, as they vanished, and at this strikingly original cue, Dick came out of the left upper entrance.

At his request no announcement of the change in the cast had been made, and although a rumor had circulated among the audience that some one had been hurt, to all he was Bob Morris for the time being. He glanced at the right-hand box and noticed with mingled pleasure and disappointment that Ethel had not recognized him, and then he felt it was time to say something.

"What, ho!" he observed, looking around the stage. "I am alone. If I stay here much longer I'll be by myself."

He had been a trifle nervous as he entered, but after the first words had been spoken, the glare of the lights and the faces of the people before him seemed to inspire him, and he felt perfectly at home, just as though the old days had come again and he were once more the real leading lady.

"It's an awfully draughty place, this stage," he continued. "The wind's in my teeth all the time, but I can't change the position of my teeth, so I suppose I'll have to stand it. I do wish somebody would come and amuse me."

"That cue ought to fetch something," he thought, but no one appeared. Then he suddenly remembered Morton's saying he was to be alone in the beginning of the act and would have a song. On the spur of the moment he said:

"Well, if no one else wants to, I don't mind singing," but the next moment he regretted his rashness, for this happened to be something like the cue, the orchestra started the prelude, and he knew only one line of the song. "The fan" came like a flash to his mind, but there was no fan. Morton had forgotten it. And then, as the music continued, from a pigeon-hole in his desk at home came an inspiration. One of the many bits of verse he had written and never published, would fit that song. "The cream of the game is the end of the same"—yes, the meter just fitted—but he must know whether the number of the lines

was right. The prelude was finished and then just before the accompaniment began he walked toward the leader and said confidentially:

"Just play the whole thing through once, won't you; it's rather pretty."

The leader looked at him in amazement, but complied, and Morris found to his joy that the words would suit the music.

"Now then," he said, "that was done very nicely. You may go on with the song." And he began:

"Oh, we shout and we storm about Tariff Reform,
And swear that the country will fail.
And the reasons Free Coinage gives cause for alarm,
With dubious looks we retail.
We get mad at the shout—'Turn the old rascals out!'
Civil Service is ever our theme;
And our papers are just brimming over with 'Trust.'
Of new corporations we dream.

But we don't care to mix in our own politics,
Though on national topics we dote.
So our Councilmen's action is ruled by At-Traction,
For we don't take the trouble to vote!"

He heard a voice full of wonder and relief from the wings:

"Have you got another spasm?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then give it to them." And he began again:

"We note the advance of the Semite in France,
For he's truly a wonderful chap;
And we feel sympathy for the heathen Chinee
When trounced by the muscular Jap.
We love all the tales of old Albert of Wales,
And his blue-blooded baccarat set,
Diplomatic relations of nibs of all nations,
The closest attention can get.

But we don't care to mix in our own politics
Though on Foreign Relations we dote.
So Martin and Quay will go on with the play,
For we don't take the trouble to vote!"

He ran off the stage after this stanza, but the audience seemed to want another. So he let them have it:

"Now there're just a few things in this City of Rings,
In this duchy of Durham and Lane,
Which need rapid inspection and sudden correction
If we'd lead the whole Union again.
And the way to get these, is not sitting at ease
To wait till election day comes,
When for each dollar note a tombstone will vote
(For the spirits all live in the slums).

But it's easy as sin, if we'd only begin,
And of primary doings take note ;
Go break up the slate before it's too late,
And then take the trouble to vote !"

As he stood bowing to the applause, he was wondering what he should do next, but to his relief he heard one of the choruses entering, and a moment later the voice of Marcus telling him that they were to do a *pas de deux* together, which did not prove very difficult. Then under cover of the chorus work, he managed to slip behind the wings, where he was pounded on the back and congratulated in other and gentler ways, and had a few moments to rest and be coached, while Marcus sang a topical song. A dance followed, and toward its close Nero and Boadicea appeared on the balcony of the Villa Caracalla and indulged in as rapid a waltz as their confined quarters permitted.

The cessation of the music was Poppea's cue, and she came on in a towering rage and walked over toward them.

"Oh, here you are," she said. "Well, you can both come right down."

"Not on your life," answered Boadicea. "It's my relay, and I'm going to run it for all it's worth. We may as well tell you all, right now, that we're going to elope secretly in a few minutes."

As Dick drew near the box, a suspicion of the truth flashed into Ethel's mind. There was an indefinable something in Poppea's carriage which reminded her of Dick, and she was gazing intently at him when she noticed an anxious look in his eyes, and, following the direction of his glance, she saw something which drove everything else from her mind. The balcony was weakening. The strain of the dancing had been too much for the frail structure, and now in the woodwork above the two centre columns, appeared a slight crack. Not a muscle in Dick's face betrayed to the audience either surprise or alarm. But he laid his right hand in a seemingly careless manner on one of the centre pillars, and, still talking vigorously, placed his left on the opposite column. Then, throwing back his shoulders, stiffening his arms, and

exerting all his strength, he began to press the two together. Ethel breathed a sigh of relief as she saw that the crack was not growing any larger, but was even lessening under the lateral pressure. She did not realize the terrible strain Morris was undergoing in his awkward position, so she was startled at the intensity of his voice as he whispered:

"Frank, for Heaven's sake get off that balcony—it's breaking."

The depth and the earnestness of his tone told her something else. They brought back to her vividly the scene of the afternoon and the last speech Dick Morris had made her, and she knew at last who it was on the stage in front of her, trying to avert the danger which was threatening his friends.

Unfortunately, just as Dick spoke, Franklin Smith's attention was distracted by the stage manager in the wings, who had not seen the danger and who was saying anxiously:

"Smith, tell Morris to keep away from those pillars. They're shaky."

So Nero leaned over the balcony in

his effort to get close enough to Poppea to whisper, and his action threw additional strain on the weak spot.

"Keep away from the pillars, Dick," he began, and then he saw his friend's upturned face and stopped.

Morris had slowly encircled the columns with both arms and was bearing almost the entire weight of the two men and the balcony. The muscles of his arms were standing out like cords and the drops were forming on his forehead. Yet he had managed to preserve a natural position and the audience heard him say calmly:

"Well, if you want to be an Anglomaniac, I suppose I can't stop you, but I'll do my little best."

No one but Smith and Forbes and the girl in the box heard the breathless whisper:

"Frank—Warren—if you don't want to break your necks, get off that balcony. I can't hold it much longer."

Then they understood and Nero rose and, clasping Boadicea around the waist, left the dangerous spot.

"So long!" he said, waving his hand

to Poppea, "you were a good wife for an Italian, but you lived on the wrong side of Carpenter Street, and anyway, the Anglo-Saxon is bound to win in the long run."

Staggering backward in what seemed to the audience a well simulated attitude of despair, Poppea sank on the steps of the Claudius Building and buried her face in her hands. For a few moments she lay there, her heaving shoulders speaking to the spectators her grief at Nero's desertion, and then rising, she gave the cue to the wondering orchestra, and with the chorus filing in to the right and left and the colored light flashing upon the stage, Morris danced as he never had danced before.

The curtain fell at last and Dick tried to escape, but there was no escape for him. Somehow the news of the substitution had spread through the audience, and from all over the house came cries of "Morris! Morris! Speech! Speech! Dick Morris! Bob Morris! We want both of them!" And the vigor of the shouts indicated the intention of the crowd to stay there till they came.

"I'll be hanged if I go out there," said Dick.

"Oh, you've got to," answered Morton. "Here are Smith and Forbes and the rest of them all primed with speeches, and the crowd won't call for any of them till they're through with you."

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose I will have to," said Dick. "Come along, Bob!"

When the brothers appeared—Bob, with his bandaged wrist, and Dick, in the garb of the Empress—the crowd outdid themselves in noise and approbation. Cheer after cheer rang through the house, and only ceased when Dick started to speak:

"I never thoroughly appreciated how fortunate I was in looking like my brother till to-night, when it has given me a chance to see you all again across the footlights. But you mustn't judge Bob's part from my playing. I left out all the best jokes, and I trust you'll come some other night when you can hear him do the real thing. We both thank you very much for your kindness, and wish you good-night."

When Morris, quite early the next morning, was taking off his Tuxedo, preparatory to retiring, the crackle of a piece of paper attracted his attention, and, searching his pockets, he found the note which had been given to him at the University Club the evening before. It read as follows:

"DEAR DICK:—It was only an experiment this afternoon, and I'm not sorry it failed. Come and see me to-morrow. You have always amounted to something—to me. As ever,

"ETHEL."

Harrington's Cousin

HARRINGTON'S COUSIN

"NOTHING that has been said this afternoon," began Adams, "reminds me of a story."

The crowd were in Harrington's room. They had no business to be there, as Gordon and Adams had recitations, Dunne and Morris should have been pasting up the *Red and Blue*, and Houston and Smith were due at a tea fight in town, but the tobacco was good and the cushions comfortable, so they stayed. No one could have told why they picked out Harrington's place to camp in so often, because the owner was neither prominent nor particularly amusing, and yet they constantly found themselves dropping in. Harrington came from somewhere up the State, and he was that type of youth which perpetually wears a sweater and a pipe and is accompanied by an ugly dog. He never attracted attention by his scholar-

ship, but yet he drifted along somehow without flunking, and if any of the crowd wanted information on an out-of-the-way subject, he always went to Harrington. Very often he had been found reading queerly printed old books, which, however, he always put up when he had visitors, to whom he offered the best tobacco that his frequent tours of original investigation in that branch of industry could produce. Perhaps his most striking trait was his willingness to oblige. He voted as Adams directed him, helped Dunne out when that gentleman "went broke," and trotted cheerfully up to Gray's, and pasted up the *Red and Blue* for Morris when Bob's numerous engagements prevented his performing that duty. Harrington never had engagements. There was a tradition that he had once been seen in the Bellevue, lunching with a girl, but there was no proof of this, except the word of Ned Houston, who, finding no credence given to his statement, allowed the tale to lapse.

"It's about Morton and De Lancey," continued Adams. "You know the

Junior Supper happened last Thursday and they put the whole crowd out of the Bullitt Building before eleven o'clock. Both fellows were very happy and the rest of the crowd had had hard work to prevent their jumping down the elevator shaft. When they struck the street, Morton was sure he wanted to ride home, so he hailed what he thought was a cab and jumped in, with De Lancey after him. It was a police patrol they had signalled and the driver saw what was up, let them stay there and started to have some fun with them. He turned up Chestnut Street from Fourth, and pretty soon they began to meet people. Fleming was just coming out of the *Times* office when they passed, and as the wagon was going slowly he followed them. Morton was sitting up front in a dignified way, with his feet on the seat opposite and one cuff hanging round his right ankle. He had Del's hat on, which is about two sizes too large, and he had tied his necktie on backward so that the ends stuck out over his overcoat. Del had Morton's hat and he was acting as conductor and trying to collect fares.

Every time he thought he had one, he'd ring the bell. At Tenth Street, where I saw them, he tried to collect one from Morton, and when he refused, Del went through his pockets to the great joy of a limited assortment of muckers who were following. They struck the Opera House just as the crowd were coming out from "Jane," and the line of carriages fell in behind the patrol. Just as they came to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Del decided that Morton would have to go out, so they had a beautiful time, while the crowd cheered them. Morton put Del under the seat finally and began to lecture the populace on the advantages of a college education. At Broad Street the outfit was flagged by a sergeant who knew Morton, so he made the driver take them home."

"That's something like Del's feat after the last Männerchor," said Houston. "His people had warned him not to make a noise when he came home, so he sat down on the steps of the Academy and took off his shoes. Then he walked home to Twenty-second Street on tiptoe, all the way."

"They're a queer crowd, anyway, the Juniors," said Morris, "always scrapping among themselves. Half the class meet one day and elect people to things, and the next day the other half take it all back."

"How much better to be like us," observed Dunne, morally, as he erased Houston's feet from the couch and lay down, "sober, industrious, and reliable. Are we not, Bob?"

"Yes, we are not," replied Morris. "Look at Adams, there; he poses as a scholar, and there he is cutting old Fenton for the fourth time to my certain knowledge."

"I'm not cutting Fenton," said Adams, looking at his watch. "I simply stay out the first half hour and study the last half of the lesson. It saves a lot of work."

"It isn't as good a scheme as we worked on Byrnes in German, Freshman year," put in Houston. "Byrnes would finish the lesson before the time was up, and so he'd call for volunteers to read ahead. Some of us used this habit to great advantage by studying only three or four pages of the advance and offer-

ing to read it. Byrnes soon got to know us and he never called us up on the regular lesson, which of course we hadn't looked at, but kept us for the sight-reading. So we saved a lot of valuable time besides all getting exempt from the exam."

"Speaking of exams reminds me that the end of things is not so far off," Smith observed, "and all you children can get tickets of me for the Senior Prom right now."

"You're too late, Frank," said Gordon. "I pledged the crowd before I appointed the committee, and they're all going to buy them from me."

Harrington coughed, blushed, and then, to every one's surprise, asked Smith for three. The thought of Harrington at a dance was sufficiently startling, but the idea of his bringing some one with him passed beyond the ludicrous and assumed almost an air of tragedy.

Dunne pulled himself together first. "So you're going to bring somebody. Who is she?"

"Oh, she's a girl from my town, you

see. She and her mother are coming down for Commencement Week. She's a kind of distant cousin, and I've known her all my life, you know, and she thought she'd like to see the place—and I'd be glad to have you fellows meet her and take a dance if you care to."

A vision flashed through all their minds of a little country girl, who looked somehow like Harrington, and who probably would dance on their feet, and Dunne stammered something about not being able to arrange his dances yet, and tried not to feel ashamed of himself.

"I'd be glad to have one, Harry," said Smith, "but I'm engaged, and so—you understand."

"Of course," said Harrington; but Houston saw his friend's teeth go deep into his pipe, and so he said, quickly:

"Let me have two, if I may, old man, and if she's the same girl you had at the Bellevue that day, I'll take the whole second half."

"Leave a little room for me," said Adams, rising. "I want a couple. Come, Jack, we have to skip."

Gordon and Morris each took one, too, and then the crowd departed in different directions. Harrington sat quietly puffing for a few moments, then took a photograph from his pocket and looked at it. As he did so something must have amused him, for he lay back among the cushions and smiled.

Those of his friends who were particularly observant noticed a subtle change pervading his appearance and manners during the days which were bringing Commencement Week nearer. There was a light in his eye and almost a jauntiness in his step which puzzled the crowd very much. They would have been still more surprised if they could have seen Harrington in the privacy of his own room, trying on certain garments usually associated with festivities beginning after six o'clock, and endeavoring to make a white tie stay down in front without tying it too tightly. He did all these things, too, with an air of rustiness rather than inexperience, which would have impressed them. But as he kept these rehearsals very much to himself, his friends soon stopped specu-

lating about him, in the midst of the preparations in which they all took a prominent share.

The exercises of Commencement Week are in the nature of a pyramid. Philo leads off, generally on Friday evening, with lemonade and cake, and Zelo ends the festivities on the next Wednesday with strawberries. In between the efforts of the Literary Societies, are the Baccalaureate Sermon, the Alumni Lunch, and the Commencement, and the apex of interest comes on Monday, at Class Day.

It is always boiling hot on Class Day, and the Opera House has never posed as a refrigerator. And yet everybody comes who can get a ticket, and everybody is dainty and appreciative and generally charming. This is due partly to the climate of Philadelphia and partly to the fact that each man has a limited number of invitations.

Commencement is apt to be sad, because one has so much time to think, while the degrees are being awarded, and now that the Valedictory has been abolished it is even worse, but

Class Day is really a joyous occasion. Much of the success of this particular Class Day was due to Houston, the Presenter. He had provided some appropriate gift for nearly everybody—from a rod of iron for Gordon, to a ballet skirt for Morris. But the greatest charm lay in the genial, confiding manner in which he presented these articles to his victims, and the affectionate way in which he insisted on their remaining a few moments to make suitable impromptu replies. The only man who really got the better of him was Adams. Fred had asked Houston, a week before, as a friend, not to make any reference to his hair, of which there was very little left, and about the loss of which he said he was sensitive. Houston, as he expected, immediately procured a bottle of huge dimensions, labeled conspicuously "Hair Vigor," and giving it to his friend with a pleasing grin, told him to "step up and make a few remarks." To his surprise Adams replied in a neat speech, which was seemingly suggested by the present, but gradually left that article to discuss the past and

future of Houston with a degree of historical accuracy and prophetic insight which made the audience roar and that gentleman wish he had not been so easily led into the trap his old ally had prepared for him.

As all the crowd were either taking a part in the exercises or were on the committee, no one had time to notice whether "Harrington's country cousin" had yet arrived, especially as that worthy was not present when his name was called, and the hideous bull-pup, dressed in a disreputable sweater and taught with infinite pains to smoke a pipe, was wasted. While Houston was sending out couriers to search the Opera House, and was explaining to the audience just how appropriate the present would have been, Harrington was waiting at Broad Street Station for a delayed train, which finally brought with it a recompense for the missed Class Day, bull-pup and all.

The sudden departure of a pair of bright eyes for the seashore had decided

Adams to go to the Prom alone, and so he donned the regulation serge and white ducks and started quite early to college in order to be on time for the Ivy Planting and the Poem. It was dark, however, when he entered the east gate, and he walked up the avenue between rows of brilliant Japanese lanterns and flickering carriage lamps, which were impressive, not in themselves, but only as a new setting to a very familiar scene. He had walked up that pathway many hundred times before, and he would probably tread it many times again, but to-night there was something particular in every step, and he felt that he could not go slowly enough. He stopped altogether after he had gone a few paces, and tried to imagine what his feelings would be if it were really the last time that he was to see all this, except in memory.

To his left lay the Library, with every one of its many windows ablaze, and out of its arched doors and down the steps was pouring a flood of light and life. The streams of people were already passing over to the spot where the Ivy

was to be planted, and as his gaze followed them, the vast mass of College Hall seemed to lift itself from among them, like a solid shadow, and look down half amused at the strange invasion. The moonlight, banished from earth by the more insistent glow of the lanterns, lit up the tall towers, touched here and there the richness of the ivy, and seemed determined to do its best, that on this last night the College should look her loveliest.

A great wave of thankfulness came over Adams that this was not good-by after all. He could come back at any time, it would be a question of only a few minutes—to the games, to his Chapter-house, to the Alumni meetings, to all that was comprehended in the one word —"Pennsylvania." He smiled as he thought how his friends who had chosen other colleges had pitied him openly and told him he was missing so much in not going away from home. He felt that they were mistaken, at least he wished for nothing better than the life he had lived there—and best of all, it was not over forever.

One of its most pleasant features, certainly, was only beginning. The band on the College steps struck up "The Pennsylvania Girl," and Adams broke from his reverie and continued his way up the path. As he passed the Library, he saw Houston and Smith in the doorway, and something in their faces made him turn toward them. As he approached they seized him and Smith gasped:

"Have you seen Harrington yet? Well, come right along and keep your face straight. Gordon's having a fit in the stack."

They pushed him ahead of them to the inner door from which he could see the entrance to the dancing hall. And Smith's warning was needed, for the Harrington he knew had vanished from earth, and a strange, resplendent being stood before them. It was Harrington's first Prom, so he had worn a dress suit, and even to the eyes of the three critics who were watching him, not one solecism was visible. But even the absolute correctness and the perfect simplicity of his dress were forgotten in the

change that had come over the man himself. The stooped, slouching carriage had given place to an erectness and a dignity which rivalled those of Houston himself, and, most startling of all, the sleepy, indifferent expression was gone and there was a light in his eye and a color in his cheeks that made him, for the moment, handsome. His guides watched Fred's face with delight for a few moments, and then Houston punched him in the ribs.

"Here, wake up," he said, "and look this way, just coming out of the cloak-room. There's Harrington's cousin."

Adams looked, and the cause of the change in Harrington was apparent at once. For there came toward them a girl whose dress, of the most delicate pink, touched at the waist and shoulders with a dash of black, seemed to have been thought of simply to suit the face above it, which no one would have called pretty, because it was so beautiful.

Houston chuckled. "This is an evening, my son," he observed sententiously, "when one is glad he is alive. Think of it; to have two dances with that, and a

prospect of more. I'm going over. Are you coming?"

Smith sighed. "I am afraid not," he said. "I'll have to wait here for Dolly."

Adams and Houston crossed the hall, met Miss Fitzgerald, and performed some dexterous manœuvres with her dance card. Harrington must have told her many things that afternoon, for when Houston asked her for the fourth dance she smiled and looked at him in such a friendly way that he lost his head completely, and found himself writing "Fitz" on her card, while his own was ornamented in four different places with "Edward Biddle Houston" in the clearest and most impressive chirography.

"I have heard a great deal about you both," she said. "I read the *Red and Blue* regularly, you see. I'm so sorry I missed the Presentations and the Class Poem, but then any one can read the poem and I have met the Poet," and the speech was accompanied by a glance at Adams which made his feet tingle.

Just as she spoke the two men heard a smothered gasp behind them, and Dunne went by under convoy.

"That is a friend of mine, Mr. Dunne," Harrington said slowly. "You'll probably meet him to-night, Helen, so you'd better remember him."

"Oh, yes," she answered, "you spoke of him this afternoon," and there was a gleam of mischief in her eye which that gentleman would not have put there of his own accord.

Under cover of the opening bars of the "Washington Post," the crowd met on the Library steps.

"I'm afraid it's impossible, old man," Houston said, kindly but firmly, to Dunne. "I think everything's taken. Let it be a lesson to you. If you wouldn't try to stretch out and lead, but would wait and follow my example, you'd prosper—and get dances. As it is, I think you're left."

"You needn't be so superior," said Dunne. "I'll bet you five to four that I'll get one without your help. Come on, Fred, you'll introduce me, won't you?"

"All right," said Adams, and he winked to Houston, who followed them in. She had stopped to rest for a mo-

ment, and to Houston, as he approached, her color looked richer than before and the light in her eyes seemed to come from even a greater depth.

Dunne had always been noted for his nerve, but even he stammered a little as he asked Miss Fitzgerald for her card, and Harrington looked at him in such an amused fashion that he unconsciously felt his necktie to see if it had become untied.

"Why, yes, with pleasure, Mr. Dunne," she said, "if you can find one."

"I find the seventeenth is open. May I have that?"

"I think you promised that to Mr. Houston, didn't you, Helen?" asked Harrington. He took her card from Dunne, and in doing so he dropped it. There was a moment's confusion as both men stooped, and when they had risen, Houston was ready.

"Yes," he said. "I have your name on my card for the seventeenth," and he handed his program to Miss Fitzgerald.

"Why, so it is," she exclaimed. "Of

course, if you understood so, the dance is yours. I'm very sorry, Mr. Dunne."

So was Dunne, and he said so, but just then the band broke into "Wiener Blut," and Houston said "I believe this is ours, Miss Fitzgerald?"

He was on the Committee and had no business to dance during the first half, but he forgot this and everything else as they left the crowd and mingled with the other couples on the floor.

"It was so different," as he afterward explained to Adams. "Generally you feel that you are dancing with a stunning get-up and a bunch of flowers, but then I knew that I was dancing with a girl." And Adams agreed with him.

Harrington would have agreed with him, too, or anybody else for that matter, because he was so happy. He sat down in one of the alcoves and watched, with deep satisfaction, the friend he admired most and the girl he loved, dancing together. He had so much happiness to spare that he beamed several times on utter strangers and then finally he caught her glance. She smiled and nodded and he replied and then turned

his head into the alcove and began to examine the back of the "Conception of the Infinite" on the opposite shelf. She was so beautiful, and he had loved her so long. And then he thought of many things and of one thing in particular, and the "Conception of the Infinite" became dimmer even than before.

The dancers poured out into the open air after the number was finished and Houston took his partner along the path in front of College Hall.

"The decorations are very tasteful," she said; "it looks like fairyland. And, by the way, what are these shields and monograms on the walls of the Library?"

"Those are Fraternity symbols," he answered.

"Oh, yes. I have heard of them. Tell me, what is a Fraternity?"

"A Fraternity," Houston said, slowly, "is a kind of club, in which everybody is a real friend of everybody else. Generally, the members own a house at which some of them live. And a man who joins a Fraternity belongs to it always."

"Do you belong to one?" she asked.

"Yes. I belong to Alpha Psi."

"Is it a great pleasure to belong to one? I mean—would you have missed much if you hadn't joined?"

"It has been the best part of my college life," Houston answered. "I cannot imagine very well what that would have been without it."

She stopped by one of the lanterns and opened her dance card. "And these men whom I have met or am to meet—Mr. Adams, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Dennison, Mr. Fleming, and the rest—do they all belong to a Fraternity?"

"Why, yes, Adams and Fleming and Gordon are Kappa Phi men—Dennison belongs to Theta Chi."

She took his arm again and they moved on. "Does Mr. Harrington belong to any?" she asked, abruptly.

Houston was taken off his guard. "I, —I don't know," he stammered.

"No," she continued, half to herself, "or he would have told me. Mr. Houston, you're his best friend in the class. Tell me, why didn't he join one?"

Several things flashed quickly through

Houston's mind—the picture of Harrington as he used to be—the Chapter of Alpha Psi—the chance of seeing Harrington before the next dance—and then he said:

"Oh, Miss Fitzgerald, you mustn't think that Harrington wasn't popular. I know we'd have been glad to have him, and I've no doubt he had a bid from Kappa Phi, too, but he didn't seem to want to join. Lots of good men don't join Fraternities, you know. Sometimes they don't like a certain man in the Chapter—sometimes they object to secret societies, and sometimes it just don't happen—to happen," he continued, rather vaguely. "But any Frat would have wanted Harrington. He is such a good fellow—so obliging—he'd do anything for one of us—and he knows a great deal, lots more than I do. Why, the fellows were always dropping into his room. He really didn't need a Fraternity, you see."

She stopped and held out her hand to him frankly.

"We're almost friends, aren't we, Mr. Houston?" she said.

"Why, yes," he answered heartily. "More than almost—quite."

She laughed softly. "You needn't praise him—to me," she said. "You've been with him for four years. I've always known him, you see."

"Forgive me. You are quite right," he said. "I always talk too much."

"Oh, no, indeed," she replied. "But—isn't the intermission over?"

It was more than over, and Adams was waiting impatiently for them when they reached the steps. Houston retired to nurse a neglected dance card and to tell Harrington some things which were necessary to his own salvation as a truth-teller. Just how hard this latter task was can be appreciated only by those who have tried a similar one, but he felt rewarded when he met Miss Fitzgerald again at the tenth number. It was only the way she said "Yes, I believe this is ours," but it told him that she was grateful, and emboldened by this, he persuaded Adams to hint to her delicately how sorry Kappa Phi had been not to have had Harrington with them. Adams reported success after the thirteenth

dance, and under the influence of some emotion, seemed disposed to invent Fraternities and societies of all kinds which had desired the honor of Harrington's acquaintance. Houston checked his enthusiasm and contented himself with passing the word to Morris, who understood at once and spoke of Harrington in such a sincere yet delicate manner that Houston could have hugged him.

But there is a limit even to Senior Proms, and the final number came at last. There is a mournful and yet a joyous tone about the last dance, for the band always plays something soothing and every one returns after the wanderings of the evening to the girl he knows the best. Houston and Adams stood talking to Mrs. Fitzgerald until the waltz was over and the dancers came back. Harrington led Mrs. Fitzgerald out to the carriage, and Houston and Adams each made a motion, hesitated, offered his arm to Miss Fitzgerald, and then laughed. Houston bowed profoundly.

"I yield to the Poet," he said.

"And I to the Presenter," said Adams.

Miss Fitzgerald took both the men's arms. "I yield to neither of those gentlemen," she said. "I prefer Mr. Adams and Mr. Houston," and the three walked out to the carriage.

Harrington would have been more than human if his heart had not beat faster as she leaned out of the carriage to say "Good-by." She seemed so unconscious of the fact that the President of the Senior Class was holding the carriage door open, and that the right guard of the Eleven was begging for a flower. To her they were simply her very good friends, and to every one she gave what he wished, but the last smile and the last good-night were for Houston, and when the carriage drove away the crowd turned with one accord and waited for him to speak. But his remark, when it came, bore reference to events neither past nor future. He simply said, "Has any one a cigarette?"

Commencement Day came with its usual accompaniment of rain, and the

procession that marched down Chestnut Street was a sorry spectacle, for caps and gowns and umbrellas are not congenial.

The Alumni Lunch disappeared in due course, and somehow, as the afternoon wore on, the crowd found itself in Harrington's room again.

Gordon was protesting mildly. "I don't think it's exactly fair, Harry," he said, "to bring a queen down here, and then turn the key in the lock. I tried to fix up two or three things with Miss Fitzgerald and she blocked me off each time, very nicely, it is true, but still she blocked me off. And the others are in the same box, too. I think I can speak for the crowd," he added, looking around the room for approval.

The circle emitted a dense cloud of smoke, and nodded.

Harrington coughed apologetically. "I suppose I ought to explain," he said, "that she's engaged to be married—to me."

The crowd stared at him for a moment, then, as before, looked inquiringly at Houston, but Ned's training told. He

rose, walked across to Harrington and grasped his hand.

"Congratulations, old man," he said, "and I think you're fit for her." Then, as he returned to his seat, a thought occurred to him. "Harry," he said, slowly, "I'd like to know something, if I may. When did it happen?"

Harrington blushed, and coughed again. "Why, I don't mind telling you," he said. "It happened last night."

For Pennsylvania's Honor

FOR PENNSYLVANIA'S HONOR

JACK GORDON stopped writing for a moment, yawned, and leaned back in his chair, then would have settled to his work again if a whistle from below had not called him to his window.

"Hello, Frank. How do, Rush?" he said, looking out. "No, I'm not busy, come right up," he added, and a moment later Frank Dennison, the captain, and Frazier Rush, the manager of the Track Team, came in. The former threw his huge bulk at full length on the lounge, the latter, who was not so well acquainted with the owner of the room, contenting himself with resting his carefully attired form on a chair and waiting for his companion to begin.

"Well, Jack," Dennison commenced, "I guess you know why we're here."

"If it's the old thing, Frank, it must be the old answer. I can't run. I thought you understood by this time.

You know what I'm working for and why I refused you. And besides, there's Kingston; he's doing the distance in fifty seconds now, and will be down to my time by the Inter-collegiate."

"But you see," interposed Rush, "Kingston strained a ligament this morning and is out of it for good, so there's nobody for the quarter but you. You have a fine chance of winning and are sure of a place. I wish you could make it convenient to come out, Gordon."

Jack rose and walked up and down the room as he answered:

"It's just this way, Rush, as I told Frank last week. I've run the quarter for three years and won a first and second in it, as you know. It has meant a lot of time, but I haven't kicked because it was the only thing I could do for the University, and I was glad to do it. But this is my last year, and I have to think of myself a little. You remember that a month ago, Dr. Harvey told us that the man who passed the best exam in his work would have a certainty for the Harrison Scholarship, and I want that

more than anything else I know. The fact is, I can't come back next year unless I get it, and it may make a difference to me all my life if I fail. Now, if I come out for the track I may as well give up hope of all this. It isn't so much the time spent training, but I don't feel like working when I come in after a couple of hours at the field, and so, after thinking the matter over, I decided not to come out this year, and told Frank so a week ago."

"Oh, pshaw," broke in Dennison, "you can do both if you want to. There isn't a man in the class who can touch you in Harvey's work, and what's more important, there isn't a man in the University who can touch you in the quarter. You've simply got to come, Jack, that's all."

"And you see, Gordon," Rush added, "it's not only the quarter that's at stake, it's the whole meet. I've watched the records of the indoor games last winter and the first of the meets this spring, and we have four firsts and five seconds sure, provided you come out. Oakland is good for both the dashes;

Stanhope is jumping twenty-two feet six, in the broad; and Dennison, here, is putting the shot in good shape, too; but we must have you for a first in the quarter, and a place in the half, too, maybe."

"No, that's impossible," Jack answered. "I can't last the half. I always give out in the last hundred yards. But it's useless to talk about details, for I can't run at all. I'm awfully sorry to have to refuse, fellows, but I can't help it."

"You can help it, if you want to," growled Dennison. "I'd give twenty Scholarships if I had the cinch on the shot that you have on the quarter."

"I'm sorry, Gordon," Rush kept on, "you can't see your way clear to come out. We have all done the best we could to get out a team this year to win. It's the first year we've had a fighting chance, and, really, I don't think you should refuse without considering it carefully."

Jack had been gradually getting excited as he strode up and down the room, and there was something in the

cold, dictatorial tone in which Rush spoke, that turned the excitement into anger. Besides, he always felt uneasy when the latter was around. Not that Jack acknowledged to himself that the confident, well-bred air which Rush possessed placed him at a disadvantage, but there was a sort of instinct which made the Western man's pride fly up in arms at speeches which Rush never intended to be anything but polite and cordial, and Jack chose to take this last one as a reproof, and, therefore, said something for which he was afterward very sorry. He stopped in his walk in front of Rush and burst out abruptly:

"I don't think you're exactly the man, Rush, to talk that way, or to try to persuade me to run. You down-town men are very willing, I've noticed, to take the smooth jobs which your Fraternity influence gives you, and which show up well in the papers, but I haven't seen you going in for anything which means work or trouble or sacrifice of your time. There hasn't been one of your Chapter on a team this year, though you've filled the dance committees and the

Mask and Wig all right. And, besides, though I don't believe you'd do it for this reason, still, you know that you and Stanton are the only two men whom I fear for the Scholarship, anyway. So I don't think you'd better give me any more advice about the matter."

There had fallen that hush which always accompanies the mention of the word "Fraternity" among college men, and Dennison, who belonged to Theta Chi, the chief rival of Jack's own society, looked curiously at Rush to see how he would take this reference to his Chapter, whose wealth and exclusiveness were heritages of fifty years.

Rush rose and grasped the back of his chair tightly, looked at Gordon for a moment and then said slowly:

"I don't care to discuss Fraternity matters as a general thing, but since you have referred to my Chapter before another Fraternity man, I will say this much. It's true we do fill the dance committees because we are fitted for it better than other Frats whose members have not been so well trained in these matters. But that we have failed in any

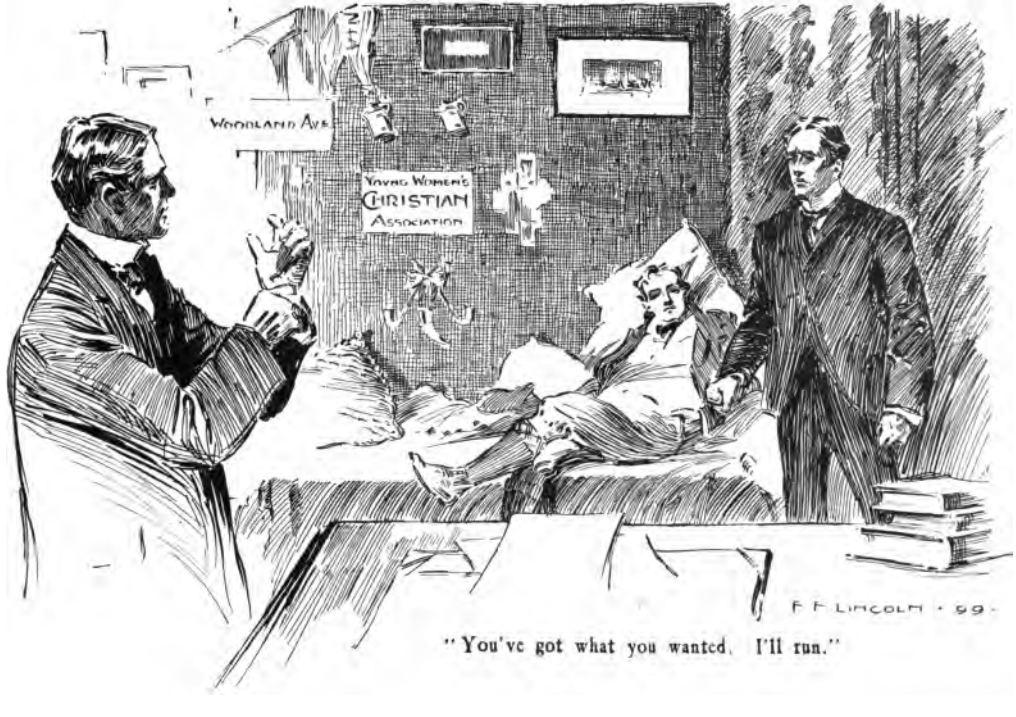
duty to the college is not true. Long before your Chapter was thought of, we had been working for the University, and would have continued if you had let us. But when you introduced your politics and office-grabbing, we retired and let you have your way. We don't care to make a bid for the support of the neutrals, as you do, or to promise offices in advance. You make a great deal of your class presidents and such honors, but you gain them by methods we do not care to stoop to, and never shall. Then in the rushing season, you make great capital out of them and in the few cases in which you dare to buck up against us you call us a lot of drunkards and say we cut no figure in the real life of the college, and such rot. But I notice you don't get the men all the same. And since I'm on this subject, let me tell you that the college expects you to fulfil the boasts you have been making these last two years. Your Chapter, if I remember rightly, has had only one man on the foot-ball team this year, and he didn't make any great record. What are the few honors you

have, anyway, to the long list which the 'down-town frats' as you call them, can show? Who have run our athletics ever since they have been anything? I think you will find they were our graduates. You speak of the Mask and Wig. Do you know that for two years the Mask and Wig has paid for the uniforms of the base-ball team? When did your Chapter ever give a cent to the University, anyway? You have a chance to do its first real service to the college and for the sake of your own honor, I should think you'd have the spirit to do it. That's all I have to say. Good afternoon." And he picked up his hat and turned to go.

Gordon was white. He knew half of what Rush had said was false, but he also knew that the other half was true, and Dennison was sitting there and hearing it all.

"Stop!" he almost yelled to Rush. "If it wasn't my room I'd kick you downstairs. But you've got what you wanted. I'll run."

Rush walked slowly down the stairs with a queer look on his face, and when



"You've got what you wanted. I'll run."

he reached the street he opened his note-book and wrote:

"March 15th. Gordon began training for the quarter. Mem: Must win the Harrison Scholarship."

II

Saturday, the twenty-first of May, was a day made for racing. The customary crowd of three thousand had gathered at Berkeley Oval, and there was a little more excitement than usual as the preliminaries of the day before had developed a few dark horses, especially in the dashes, where a youngster from the far West had won his trial heats in even time. The greatest interest, however, was excited by the unexpected showing of Pennsylvania, who for the first time since '77 was an important factor in the race for the cup.

There is no need to tell in detail the story of that meet. Surprises were the order of the day and the most cleverly calculated forecasts went to pieces before the meet was half over. The one thing which became more and more certain

as time went on was that the cup lay between Yale and Pennsylvania with no points to spare on either side. Both teams were sure of winning, and the adherents of both, who thronged the bank near the finish, amused themselves by arranging all sorts of combinations by means of which it was apparent that they were the only people who had any right to feel jolly under the circumstances.

The quarter had been run off early in the afternoon and Jack had won in a driving finish, beating a Yale man by two feet and coming within one-fifth of a second of the record, and he had gone over to the house, had had his rubbing down and was preparing to dress, when Dennison and Tierney, the trainer, walked in.

"Hold on there, Jack," the former said, "don't dress."

"Why not?" asked Gordon, rather surprised.

"We may need you in the half, that's why. Johnson's gone stale for some unknown reason and it won't do to run Benton alone, for he may be pocketed.

There are four Yale men in the event and we can't take any chances. Besides, the half is likely to decide the meet. It's the last race, anyway, so you'll have to wait and see if you're needed. We entered you, you know, in case anything should happen, and I'm mighty glad now we did."

"Well, I'll do what I can," Jack said, "but I've run the distance only a few times and I'm afraid I can't last."

He put on his sweater and robe and walked over to the track again, just in time to see Oakland run second to the "Western Wonder," as he was now dubbed by the crowd, in the fastest hundred yards dash that was ever run on that track. This meant two points where they had expected five, and the crowd on the bank knew it too, for a mighty yell went up from the Yale contingent, echoed a few minutes later by one equally voluminous from their opponents, as Harding, a Freshman from whom nothing whatever was expected, succeeded in clearing six feet in the high jump, thus bringing a "sure Yale event" into the Pennsylvania column.

There were only a few minutes left of the afternoon when the entries commenced to line up for the half mile, and each one of them was critically surveyed by the expert judges on the bank, for Dennison's prophecy had come true, and this race was going to decide the meet. Yale had now thirty-five points to her credit, while Pennsylvania had thirty-eight, Harvard being a good third with twenty-five, but out of it as far as the cup was concerned.

Gordon and Benton walked over to the start with Dennison and Tierney each pouring the last words of advice into their ears.

"You're to lie low, Benton, and save yourself for the last hundred yards," Tierney was saying, "though you musn't let any one take too big a lead. There are four Yale men in it; two of them are good and the other two are not dangerous, but one of them may be sent out to cut a stiff pace, and if he does, Gordon, you'll have to go after him and see that he doesn't get too far in front. Keep your heads cool, now, both of you, and don't forget that a first wins the meet

and even a second, provided that Yale doesn't take the first. If she does it's a tie unless you can take third, too, which I doubt."

In another minute they were on their marks. Jack had time to notice that the man between him and the rail wore blue, and then came the "Ready! Get set!" the crack of the pistol, and they were off. The Yale runner at once started at a fast clip, and Jack, following instructions, went after him, and held his place about five yards behind the leader, with ease, till the first lap was over. Here the pacemaker fell back into the rut and Jack found himself running first, and feeling still quite fresh, he kept his position as the second quarter opened. About one hundred yards further he heard a roar from the bank, and a Harvard man challenged and passed him. Jack made no effort to prevent him, as he was tiring a little and, at any rate, with Harvard in first place the meet was theirs. Another hundred yards and the feeling of breathlessness which had always come to him at this point when he had tried the half, began to warn him of

its approach. He wondered where Benton was, and then, just as they passed the grand stand, he heard a sound that was half a groan and half a yell go up from the bank. At the same moment there was a heavy fall behind him, a breathless voice, with a ring of pain in it, called out, "Take him, Jack, I can't," and a Yale man moved up alongside of him on the outside.

Then it came to him like a flash that Benton was down and that he must run the race alone. His head was still clear, although his wind was nearly gone and his legs were beginning to feel wobbly, and he could see that if the three leaders kept their positions, the meet was Penn's. The Harvard man was still ten yards in front and the man beside Jack seemed to be making no effort to catch him. "If he can only hold his place," thought Jack, and then to his horror, he heard a quick "pat, pat," back of him which told him that some one was coming fast behind. Jack felt sure it was a Yale man, and if he succeeded in passing him, it meant a second and a third for the Blue

and a tie for the meet. And that meant that Yale kept the cup, and, but—no—yes, it was true; the Harvard man in front was swaying slightly and losing ground, the Yale man next to him commenced to spurt, and Jack put forth all his remaining strength in answering, for now it was no longer a race for second but for first. They were turning into the home-stretch, and the crowd was coming nearer. He could hear the yells more distinctly, and he distinguished above the tumult the long Pennsylvania cheer with "Gordon! Gordon! Gordon!" after it. Each time he heard his name, a thrill came over his whole frame, and he leaped forward as a horse does when struck with a whip. But it was only for a second; the pain in his chest grew worse, his legs seemed to have separated from his body, and his brain became confused so that track, crowd, and all swam before him. He saw dimly that the Yale man was slightly ahead now and that the Harvard man was no longer there; whether they had passed him or not he did not know. He was fighting hopelessly but doggedly, with

all the senses he had left, for that first which was to give them the race and the cup. All this time the terrible thumping in his rear had kept up, and now it seemed nearer still. For some reason he feared that more than the man running beside him, and a sob came up in his throat as he tried to spurt and felt that he could not. "So near home, too," he thought, for he could see the crowd at the finish with all the vision he had left. And then something happened. The thumping quickened and passed around to his right, he heard the "long hoorah" boom out from the bank, he saw Benton pass the Yale man with a rush, and the next thing he knew they were all over the line together, and the meet was won.

He dropped into Dennison's arms for a moment until the blackness was gone and the pain in his chest was a little better, then he pulled himself together and started off for the Yale quarters, for his one burning desire was to find out the first name of the man who had run beside him. He soon saw him walking toward his dressing-room, and hurrying over, he said:

"I beg your pardon, but what's your name?"

"Bingham," was the answer.

"I mean your first name."

"Oh, John; but why—oh, I see. You're the man who was in the half with me, and you thought it was your man that dropped, but it wasn't, it was one of ours. He ruptured a muscle, our trainer says, and he called out to me to take you, or something of that kind. He was booked to win, you know. Sorry your friend didn't let us fight it out between us, but I'm glad you got a place, anyway."

"Thank you," said Jack, "but you'd have run away from me if I'd known Benton was still in it, I'm afraid. Hope to see you again some time. Good-by."

Jack walked across to the place where the Pennsylvania contingent were riding Benton around on their shoulders, and when he approached, the unemployed made a rush for him, and soon had him in a similar position. As he went up he saw a man in his class and he called out to him:

"I say, Sampson, did you hear the result of Harvey's exam?"

"Why, yes," Sampson answered. "You're second; Rush is first," and then the swaying of the men under him carried them apart.

The shouting and the cheers were nothing but a mockery to him now, for the future was empty, with the prospect of a subordinate position as teacher in some preparatory school, instead of a year's study in the college he loved and among the men he knew. And then the other thought came to him, that he had done it for the college, after all, and that she was worth any sacrifice he could make, in return for the many gifts she had given him during his four years, for the life she had shown him, of which he would never have dreamed and which he would never forget.

He thought all this while the crowd of excited beings under him were carrying him and themselves over to the clubhouse, and then after he alighted, twenty hands tried to grasp his, and twenty voices were telling him things about the race which he knew better than any of

them. The future began to lose its dreariness under the influence of the present and soon he was talking as fast as the rest, and he did not stop talking until late on Sunday night when he found himself on the owl train for Philadelphia, without knowing exactly how he had arrived there.

His first thought, however, on the next morning, was the Scholarship, and as he dressed, breakfasted and walked over to the College, his mind was busy with plans for his future work, in which a feeling of regret, not for what he had done, but that the circumstances had not been different, mingled with the other thoughts and rendered them fruitless. He knew he wanted to teach, however, and the most reasonable thing to do was to consult Dr. Harvey about it.

He met the Doctor in the hall, stated his wishes, and asked advice in regard to the schools to which he should apply.

"But I don't understand, Mr. Gordon," Dr. Harvey said, with a puzzled look. "Why do you want to teach?"

"It's the only thing I can do now,

Doctor, since I've lost the Scholarship," answered Jack.

"But you haven't lost the Scholarship. The Board of Trustees met on Saturday, and you were elected. Hasn't any one told you?"

"But—but," stammered Jack, "I understood Mr. Rush had done the best work, and I thought—"

"Mr. Rush did do slightly better than you, but he told me that he did not wish the Scholarship, although I understand he is coming back next year, so I recommended you. You wished it, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor, I want it very much. I don't understand Mr. Rush's refusal, that's all. But I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

"Not at all, Mr. Gordon, I am very glad you won it. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," and Jack walked down the steps, not knowing exactly what his feelings were. It had been the talk of the class how hard Rush had been working all term, and though Jack had never understood what such a man as Rush wanted with a Scholarship, still

the fact remained that he did, and now this news of his refusing it seemed utterly inexplicable, unless—the thought was preposterous, and yet somehow Jack could not banish it—unless Rush had given it up on purpose to let him win it. It seemed so absurd, for Rush had spoken hardly ten words to him since their quarrel, and still Gordon knew that he never could be contented to accept the honor till he was certain about the matter, so he determined to hunt up Rush at once and ask him point-blank. Rush lived in town, so Jack boarded a Chestnut Street car and was soon in the neighborhood of Rittenhouse Square.

The man who came in answer to his ring told him that Mr. Rush was in, and that he would find him in his sitting-room on the third floor.

"But," Jack demurred, "I don't know Mr. Rush very well; perhaps I had better wait till you give him my card."

"Oh, that's all right," said the man, "you're from the University, aren't you? He always has the college men sent right up."

So Jack walked up the thickly carpeted stairway, the quiet elegance and soft light having a soothing effect upon even his excited mind, and soon he was at the door of the sitting-room, where he found Rush reading a newspaper.

"Why, how do you do, Gordon? Glad to see you. Take the couch, won't you? It's more comfortable."

Jack could detect, even through Rush's hospitable language, his host's surprise at seeing him, so he came to the point at once.

"I ran in to see you, Rush, to find out why you gave up the Scholarship."

Rush's mouth set a little and his tone grew more reserved as he answered:

"Oh, I find I don't want it, that's all."

"But you did want it and worked for it, and I know you are coming back next year anyway, so there must be some reason. The thought's come to me—I know it sounds strange, considering how we've felt toward each other,—that you got out of it to give me a chance. If it's true I wish you'd tell me."

Rush rose from his chair and walked over to the window, where he performed

some totally unnecessary actions with the blind, and then said, rather distantly:

"As you say, that's a little too much like romance, Gordon. It may seem ungracious, but whatever my reasons were, I didn't do it for your sake, you may be sure."

In spite of the coldness of Rush's tone, there was something in his movements that belied his words, and the same warm impulse which had led Jack to make his first unlucky speech, two months before, now told him to go up to Rush and touch his arm.

"Look here, Rush, I don't believe you. God knows why you did it, but you've given it up for me, and I thank you for it very, very much, even though I can't take it. We haven't been particularly good friends, but you have done more for me than many a friend would have done, and I want to shake hands with you now, because I will be getting out soon and may not have another chance. Won't you?"

Rush turned around, and the mask of impassiveness was gone from his face.

"Sit down, Gordon, I've something to

tell you," he said. "In the first place, you'll have to take the Scholarship, for you've been elected, and if you refuse it, Stanton will get it, that's all it will amount to. And you can take the thing with a clear conscience, for what I said was true; I didn't give it up for your sake, but for my own, and I'll tell you all about it. You've often wondered, I dare say, why I wanted the Scholarship. Well, it was to please my father, that was all. When he left college, he wanted to keep on studying, but my grandfather wouldn't hear of it, and so he went into business. When I showed some liking for Harvey's work, he was awfully pleased, and nothing would content him but that I must be the best in the class. He heard about the Scholarship and proposed that I should try for it. Of course, I did the best I could, though I didn't think I had much chance against you, and that was the way things were when the track season opened. When Dennison came to me and asked me to go with him and try to get you to come out, the Scholarship matter didn't occur to me in that connection, and I remem-

bered it only when you told me first why you had refused. Then I saw I had no right to ask you to come out unless I assured you the winning of the honor too, and I made up my mind to get out and let you have the field to yourself. It was a pretty hard thing to do, I acknowledge, but I knew we had to win the meet, and I was willing to sacrifice you or myself or anybody else to that end. And it wasn't such a noble thing, either, as it sounds, for I'm afraid if you had come out of your own accord, I'd have fought you for the Scholarship to the last. But I knew there was just one way to persuade you to come, and that was through your Fraternity. Somehow, Fraternity means more to you fellows than it does to us; I don't know why. But I knew if I could touch your pride and make you angry, you'd promise to run, and then you'd keep the promise after you'd cooled off. I knew, too, that I was the man to do it, and so I had to take the consequences. I had been wondering how I could introduce the subject, and your speech did it for me beautifully. I

have wanted ever since to apologize for what I said, for I didn't believe it myself, and I took advantage of you, too, by doing it in your own room. But I comforted myself by thinking it was all in a good cause, and I laid it on as thick as I could. You see that I couldn't have taken the Scholarship after all that, under any circumstances, don't you? So you needn't feel under any obligations to me at all."

"I don't see how you can prevent that," said Gordon, "but there's one thing I don't understand. Why did you keep on working?"

"Well, after I began thinking about the matter, I saw it wasn't a case of you and me alone, but there was Stanton to look out for besides. I didn't think you could train and beat him too. If he made first, Harvey would have given him the Scholarship, but I felt that if I were to win, I could give it up and recommend you in my place, even if you only took third, and I knew you would do that well, at least."

"And you worked all spring like that, for nothing?"

"No, it wasn't for nothing," Rush answered. "It was for the same reason that made you give up the thing you wanted most, and run that last two hundred yards when you could hardly see. It was for Pennsylvania's honor that we were both working, and we'd both do it again if she needed it, now or at any time, as long as we live. And I'll take your hand, now that I have made my confession, if you'll let me."

Gordon grasped the outstretched hand and then rose.

"You'll forgive me for not understanding you, won't you?" he said.

"That's all right," said Rush, "but don't hurry."

"I'm sorry, but I have to see Dennison before lunch, so I'll move on."

"Well, run in again when you feel like it, old man. Wait, I'll go down with you."

And Rush put his hand on Gordon's shoulder and they went downstairs together.

When the College was Young

WHEN THE COLLEGE WAS YOUNG

I

IT WAS the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and seventy-five, and of his gracious Majesty, King George III, the fifteenth. In a little frame building on Fourth Street, in the city of Penn, the Commencement Exercises of the College of Philadelphia were drawing to a close. All through that sunny morning in May the friends of the graduates had sat in the gallery and listened with rapt attention to the speeches of the chosen orators, who discussed with the usual amount of eloquence such subjects as "Politeness" or "The Fall of Empires." And then, if the speaker grew a trifle dull, there were some guests on the floor below about whom the quiet old town had not yet stopped talking since they had entered it a week before.

They were the delegates to the Continental Congress, which was holding daily sessions in the State House, and they had come to the hall at the invitation of the Provost, and were now sharing the best seats with the Faculty and the Trustees.

No one was taking a deeper interest, not only in the actions of these gentlemen, but also in those of every other occupant of the building, than the owners of two very dainty bonnets, who were sitting directly in the centre of the gallery. They were forced to be quiet on account of the nature of the occasion and the reproving presence of their elders, but now and then a half-suppressed giggle would call forth a look of displeasure on the face of some neighboring Friend, to whom the manners of the "Church people" were an unfailing source of wonder. And when Francis Sappington was discoursing most fluently on "The Education of Young Ladies," a decided sniff was heard from beneath one of the bonnets, and Mistress Elisabeth Smith whispered to Mistress Nancy Harrison, "Faith, Nancy,

it's little he knows about his subject," which deeply profound truth caused both pairs of shoulders to shake in a most suspicious manner. And then the restraining thought that she was the daughter of the Provost caused Mistress Smith to resume the stiffly correct attitude of the time and to listen to the next speaker with becoming dignity.

"Nancy, I'm ashamed of you," she said to her friend, reprovingly. "Behave yourself, now, and listen to the Valedictory; Mr. Chew speaks always with a pretty wit and much feeling."

But this remark, instead of producing the desired effect, seemed only to throw her companion into deeper mirth, and as a smothered "Oh, does he, indeed?" came from the bonnet on her right, the face of the Provost's daughter was tinged with a rising blush which became very well the angry light in her eyes.

But although Nancy had laughed at her friend's impulsive speech, Beth's judgment had been correct. Benjamin Chew had begun with the usual conventionalities, but as his speech neared

the end, he appeared to catch inspiration from the unusual assemblage before him, and it seemed to many a listener that his tones grew stronger and deeper as his voice rang through the silent hall:

"And while in this public manner we confess our obligations to this, our Alma Mater, and have been dignified with her laurels; it is her right in return, nay, it is our Country's right, to expect from us a conduct in life proportionately dignified. And let them expect it; for I know, my dear Fellow-Graduates, that your hearts join me, and all the soul of the patriot exults within you, while I now step forward, and pledge myself before this great and venerable assembly that we who have been so highly distinguished in their sight will make our Country's good and the support of her religion, her laws and her civil rights, the grand object of all our pursuits. We will consider Liberty as the choicest gift of Heaven, the inalienable right of mankind, exalting human nature and inspiring every nobler sentiment. And we will now devote ourselves to her service, not with a sud-

Throughout this story, in order to preserve the realities, the speeches have been modeled as closely as was possible upon the actual orations of the historic characters.

den or occasional zeal, but with a pure, steadfast and inextinguishable flame, burning still clearer and stronger throughout our lives."

The speaker bowed to the applause which came generously from all parts of the hall, and then glanced at the Provost for his approval. But Dr. Smith, while he smiled cordially, as he had done in turn at all the speakers, made no reference in his closing prayer to the radical sentiments which the young orator had expressed. Indeed it would have been extremely unpolitic to have done so. The applause had been given, as he well knew, not so much to the sentiments as for the manner in which the speech had been delivered, and in that assemblage which was now filing out of the building, there were represented all grades of opinion—extreme republicans, cautious citizens who viewed the matter in a commercial light, or who could not in a moment shake off the habits of thought which had been theirs for so many years, and, finally, loyalists who were ready to suffer anything in the cause of the king. If allowed to pass

without comment, the words of the Valedictorian would be considered merely the utterances of a boy. If sanctioned by the Reverend William Smith they would become an expression of the official position of the College, and the Provost was not yet ready for this to be announced.

The audience lingered for a while in the open square which separated the College building from Fourth Street, to discuss the various speeches and to observe at close quarters the members of the Congress. As the girls came out of the hall, followed by Beth's aunt, Mrs. Bond, they were joined by a dark, handsome young man, whose gayly deferential air seemed to bear with it some of the fragrance of the Potomac.

"The College should consider itself favored to-day," he said. "It is not often that the Graces and the Muses meet, especially in the hall of the latter."

"I'm afraid we don't deserve your compliment, Mr. Fairfax," said Beth, "although my aunt is smiling at it, and if you mean by the Muses, the speakers to-day, you are somewhat mixed in your

mythology, even if there were just nine of them."

"Beth, Beth, you let your tongue run away with you," said Mrs. Bond, reprovingly. "But you are very loyal to your college, Mr. Fairfax, to stay here for the Commencement, after the Medical lectures have been finished."

"Really, Mrs. Bond," he replied, "I'm afraid I can't lay claim to much praise for being fond of the place, but I determined last year, when I went through the ordeal myself, that I'd stay up this term just to see how the next class behaved."

"And how did their behavior suit you, now that you have seen it?" said a voice at his elbow, and the little group turned to greet the Valedictorian.

"Very well, indeed, my dear Chew, as to the delivery, not so well as to the selection of the subjects; as to the treatment, least of all."

"And what was there in the treatment that displeased your serene highness?" asked Beth, mockingly, as she saw the flush rising on the cheeks of the younger man.

"There was a great deal of 'liberty' and the 'rights of man,'" Fairfax said, slowly, "but no mention of loyalty or the duty each one of us owes to his king."

"He would be serving his king best," Chew said, hotly, "who would teach him that a corrupt ministry at home and a barbarian like General Gage in his colonies—"

"Peace! Peace! my lords," interrupted Beth. "Aunty is looking frightfully shocked, so declare an armistice and walk home with us. It will be much safer than fighting a duel on the square here. Are you coming, aunty?"

"Not yet, dear," Mrs. Bond answered, "I wish to speak to your father. But don't wait for me if you are ready to go."

The quartet walked slowly down Fourth Street, and Mistress Nancy determined to change the conversation.

"Now the Commencement is over," she said, "Beth and I will expect to see some more verse from certain friends of ours in the *Gazette* or the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. The quality has been sadly lacking of late."

"Certainly," said Chew. "Just give us a subject, and the next issue will contain two masterpieces."

"I have my subject already," said Fairfax, with a meaning glance at Beth. "The poem will be entitled, 'My Lady's Lips.'"

"A fine subject, truly," said Chew. "'Lines on My Lady's Lips'! She'll hardly thank you, whoever she may be."

"Perhaps you can suggest a better," sneered the Virginian. "To a wit like you his mistress's ear would probably be more interesting than her lips."

"Perhaps, who knows? The ear is the Ticonderoga of the heart, you see, and if that is once won, the rest follows naturally."

"Take care!" said Beth, shaking her hand warningly at Chew. "You are starting politics again."

"And why should we not talk on the subject that is uppermost in everybody's mind?" said the young man, earnestly. "One cannot always jest away these subjects, Beth. The time is coming for action, and each man must make his choice. It may help him to know on

which side his friends are going to stand."

The girl turned toward him, and for a moment he saw a curious and troubled look in her eyes as though she were gazing through them and not with them. The next instant it was gone, but the mocking tone was absent from her voice as she answered:

"It is very hard to decide, even when one knows the question thoroughly. But when neither side is clear, when even Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams and the other leaders in the Congress do not yet know what to do, you cannot expect girls like Nancy and me to have made up our minds."

"But surely," Fairfax urged, "you cannot let your opinions be governed by shopkeepers like Mr. Adams or Mr. Hancock. It is a wonder to me that gentlemen such as Mr. Carroll or Mr. Lee can consent to treat them as equals. And in this city you will find that all your friends are loyal. Men like Mr. Allen, Mr. Galloway, Mr. Hamilton, women like your godmother, Mrs. Furguson, Mrs. Pemberton, and your aunt,

Mrs. Bond—why your own father, the Provost, must be loyal—he is a clergyman of the Church of England, and he cannot break his oath. Surely, when all the best people in the city are for the King, you cannot hesitate."

They had reached the narrow bridge which crossed Dock Creek at High Street, and as the others passed on together Nancy touched Chew on the arm. He fell back a step and looked at her in surprise. She smiled at him in a friendly way and put her finger on her lips.

"Let him go on," she said, hurriedly; "he is playing your game for you better than you could yourself." And then before he had time to answer she hurried on to join the others.

When he reached her side again she had taken Beth's arm and was replying to Fairfax's last speech.

"All her friends are not for King George," she was saying. "I for one am a rebel already, although I don't know anything about the matter. And as for the prominent men in the town, what say you to Mr. Syng, Mr. Willing,

Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Penrose, and a score more who are not so certain about King George's right to treat us like children who are to be whipped and sent to bed without our suppers?"

"I fancy they will decide," said Fairfax, dryly, "when the king orders Sir William Howe to take possession of Philadelphia. And when that day comes I trust that I may be here to be of some service to such a charming if not very harmful rebel as Miss Harrison."

"Do you hear that, Beth? And how do you know we will be the harmless rebels you call us, Mr. Fairfax?"

"I have not called Miss Beth a rebel, my fair enemy. She has not told us yet the result of her recent deep thought upon that subject."

But Beth did not take any notice of his implied question. She knew as well as either of the young men that her decision would be considered as an expression of personal preference for one of them, and she was not ready by any means to make the necessary choice. So she maintained a discreet silence and

let Nancy chatter on as they turned and walked up Chestnut Street until they stood at the gate of her father's house.

"Will you not come in?" she said, holding the gate half open.

The young men looked at each other, hesitated a moment, and then declined the invitation. Fairfax held out his hand.

"I'm afraid it's 'good-by,'" he said; "I leave for home to-morrow." And then as he clasped the hand she held out to him in return, he added, "I should like very much to take with me the assurance of your loyalty."

"Yes, Beth," Chew urged, "tell him and us that you are a friend of liberty. This is a good time to make the decision."

Beth looked from one to the other and in the face of each she fancied she saw a little too much confidence.

"I don't think it's a good time," she said with a laugh. "I think we've all grown too serious about these political questions of which we know so little. I'll tell you the only decision I've made as yet. I go with the College, always. If that is loyal, so am I; if not, I'm a

rebel. Come, Nancy." And the girls disappeared into the house.

The two men looked after the retreating figures for a moment in silence, then Chew said, "That means her father, I suppose," and Fairfax nodded. There was another pause, and then the Virginian held out his hand a second time.

"I certainly am sorry it's come to this," he said, "for the sake of the old school and all that, but it won't take long to settle, I fancy, and if we are both alive, perhaps we'll see each other again."

Chew smiled doubtfully as he shook the offered hand. "It'll be longer than either of us thinks," he said, "but we'll fight fair whatever comes. Good-by."

"Good-by," answered Fairfax, and he walked quickly down Fifth Street, striking the palings with his stick and humming "God Save the King." Chew stood on the corner and watched him out of sight and then walked slowly down Chestnut Street toward the Cross Keys tavern, where his horse stood ready saddled for his homeward ride to Germantown.

II

The afternoon sun was touching here and there the shaded banks of the Delaware and even cast a solitary gleam at times across the high-road which skirted Camden and the other towns that lay along the New Jersey shore. Down this high-road there came slowly a horseman, who had let his reins drop idly on his mare's neck and whose whole attitude spoke of deep and earnest thought. He was clad in the dress of a clergyman of the Church of England, and any inhabitant of the city of Penn could have told a curious inquirer that he was the Reverend William Smith, Doctor of Divinity of Oxford and Aberdeen, and Provost of the College of Philadelphia.

The fresh beauty of the June day and the cool breezes which blew at intervals from the river passed alike unheeded by him, for his mind was filled with that one event which had sent a thrill through every village in the land and had called his country to arms. The news had come yesterday to the quiet city by the Delaware of the fall of Bunker Hill,

and the excitement that followed could not have been exceeded if the guns of Howe had been thundering on the outskirts of the town itself.

The Provost had ridden that afternoon up to the village of Berkeley, where his friend, Robert Blackwell, was rector, partly to see how his young protegé was situated and also to talk over with him the course which it would be necessary for both of them to pursue. For it was becoming apparent to every thoughtful man that hopes of compromise were growing fainter with each new day, and to the Provost the decision was not by any means an easy one. In the first place, he was bound, through his position in the church, by a personal oath of allegiance to the king. This Blackwell, it is true, had regarded as of little consequence, claiming that their oath was not to George III, but to the head of their church, and that it vanished with the separation that was certain to come. And yet this easy, confident argument of his young friend, who was heart and soul for the colonies, was not so self-satisfying to the Provost, for the

ties which bound him to the mother country were not clerical alone, but reached through his earlier manhood in London and his college life in Aberdeen, back to the days of his boyhood by the Avon River which flowed through the gray old Scottish town. And somehow, as he let his thoughts wander back through those days that were gone, the mightier stream beside him grew silent, the landscape vanished, and he was once more upon the vivid green of the English fields and under the rainbow gleaming of the English sky. And the life around him, the very names he knew the best, seemed to become new and strangely unfamiliar to him, and he had hardly wakened from his dream when his horse stopped at the ferry to Philadelphia.

As he rode down Front Street and turned into Chestnut the scenes around him became once more real and tangible, and the sense of the justice of the Colonial cause reasserted itself in his mind. And as he passed Fourth Street and, looking north, caught sight of the tower on the College building, another wave of

feeling swept over him and he became fully conscious that in the presence of the one great object of his life all other thoughts and objects were really of little moment. Whatever course would be for the good of his school—that course he would pursue, if it cost him his life.

He alighted at the corner of Fifth Street and, entering the house, went at once to his study on the second floor. A letter on the desk caught his first glance and he opened it abstractedly, his mind being still filled with the thought of coming war and the necessity of decision. As his glance fell on the sheet he started, for it seemed as though Fate had determined to force the issue upon him. He read it half aloud:

"VERY REVEREND SIR:

"In the present condition of our publick affairs, it would please those of us who are organized for the Defense of our Country to have the co-operation of Gentlemen connected by their Position with the stable Institutions of our city,

namely, the Bench, Education and the Church. Therefore, in the name of the officers of my Battalion, the Third of the Volunteer Militia of the City of Philadelphia, I request you, Reverend Sir, to favor us with an address upon the present state of affairs, in Christ Church, suggesting the Twenty-third instant as a suitable day, but leaving the matter to your convenience.

"Trusting to receive a favorable reply,

"I am, Very Reverend Sir, with great esteem,

"Your most obliged
and obedient servant,
"JOHN CADWALADER,
"Colonel Third Battalion Volunteer Militia.

"To the very Reverend Dr. Wm. Smith."

He sat down in his large arm chair by his desk, and letting the paper fall idly to the floor he gazed through the window at his left hand out over the broad meadows to the south. Into his mind again there rushed the arguments pro and con, which had fought for the mastery all through the afternoon. It wor-

ried him much that he was not able to decide, for his was a nature which delighted in prompt action, and he had never found himself at a loss, in the many questions, political and educational, which he had been called upon to settle since that day in May, nineteen years before, when he had become the first Provost of the College of Philadelphia. It had been a busy life, and not always a peaceful one, but a life which had brought with it honors and the prizes which are dear because they have been hardly won. And then his thoughts turned to his visit to England in behalf of his college, that he might procure for her the funds to carry on the work of his heart. He had been well received, he thought with a sensation of pardonable pride. Oxford and Dublin and his own college of Aberdeen had recognized the worth of his efforts. And the clergy of his own church had been so cordial and had helped him so much, even the Archbishop of Canterbury; and then the thought came like a shock to him that if he preached the sermon it might mean that he would never again see his native

land except, perhaps, as a rebel and a prisoner. "A prisoner!" he smiled grimly; why he had been a prisoner before now. As he sat there he could see the roof of the Walnut Street jail, where for months he had been unjustly detained by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and where he had been forced to hold his classes in the narrow cell provided him. True, it was past long ago, and the king had done him justice at last, but the sense of unmerited punishment was still strong upon him as he thought of that day in the Coffee House when he had been arrested, not, as he well knew, for the slight offense alleged, but because of the long-standing feud between the Assembly and himself. And now he was to choose between loyalty to the successors of those men, and to his king and the land where he had always been befriended. No, he could not do it—and he drew toward him his writing tablet. And then as he saw shaping themselves the letters of the declination, his hand began to move more and more slowly, and finally stopped. The sense of per-

sonal right and personal injustice seemed to grow smaller and to become almost trivial in comparison with the greater issues which his retrospection had for the moment thrust into the background. His own often expressed doctrine that non-resistance was no virtue but only a weakness, the very point of his first disagreement with the Assembly, so many years ago, was the principle which the present legislature was upholding. They had changed, they had become converted; he had not given up one of the principles for which he had fought so long. It ill became a man in his position to quibble over a name—the Assembly of to-day was not the Assembly of seventeen years ago. Perhaps it would be better to preach the sermon after all, and yet—it was hard to write the words which would separate him forever from his native land—if only some middle course could be adopted.

And then he looked up, startled, from his reverie. Through the slowly opening door came his daughter Beth.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, father," she said, "I did not know you had returned.

Surely you are not writing in this light; it is growing much too dark. Let me call Jordan to light the lamp."

"No, my dear," he answered, "I do not want a light yet—at least none that Jordan can bring me." Then after a moment's silence he added, half seriously: "Come here, Beth, I want you to decide something for me."

The girl came quickly to him and sank down on a stool beside his chair.

"Well," she said gayly, "I feel quite flattered; what is it you wish me to decide, sir?"

He placed Colonel Cadwalader's letter in her hands. "Read this first, my daughter," he said.

If he had watched the girl more closely instead of gazing out upon the fading daylight, he would have seen come into her eyes again the look of troubled doubt which Chew had noticed during that walk down Fourth Street, and he would have heard the rapid breathing which told of the quickened beating of her heart.

Finally he turned to her. "Well, Beth, what shall I tell them?" he asked.

Suddenly the mist seemed to clear before the girl's eyes, and there was no indecision in her tones as she answered him.

"Tell them?" she cried. "Tell them you will come!"

He placed his hand on her head and stroked her hair caressingly.

"It is not so easily settled, my child. If I preach this sermon as they wish me to preach it, I must say many things which will seem like treason to the king."

"And suppose you do, father," she answered, "suppose you defy him, even, as Mr. Warren and Mr. Henry have done, you will be right, will you not? And you will be loyal, too, to our own country, and that is nearer to us than the king, who is on the other side of the ocean."

"Why, Beth," he said, smiling, "what a little rebel you have grown. You say truly, the king is on the other side of the water, but you forget that I, too, come from the other side which you have never seen. There is the little town where I lived when I was young

like you, my dear, and there is my College and the head of my Church. And what is there on this side to equal these?"

"On this side," she repeated, slowly, "why, there are the friends you have made in the last twenty years, there is the College you have done so much for, there are mother and Will, and—why, father, it doesn't matter what is on the other side, you see, because on this side"—and in spite of herself she faltered for a second, and her glance dropped—"on this side are those we love."

He was only a man and so he did not dream that this little maiden, who to him was still a school-girl, had any definite meaning in her words, but the phrase seemed to strike him forcibly, for he stopped stroking her hair and, resting both hands on his knees, he stared before him into the gathering darkness and seemed to forget in his reverie the little figure beside him.

"Those we love—" the words rang in his ears as though they were sounded from every corner of the room. He

knew what he loved best on earth; it was not far away—if the daylight had not faded he could see it from the north window. Why, he had made it out of nothing, and now it was one of the greatest colleges of the land. And to think that he had been sitting there, weighing personal grievances against abstract theories, and forgetting the very thought that had been uppermost in his mind as he entered the room. Whatever was best for the College, that he would do. And then in a moment it became clear to him—the College must go with the town, and the town was for the Colonies. Even if they lost, the king could not punish a whole nation—he, himself might be punished but the College would go on. And even if death came, he had given already the best of his life to her, and death could take the rest.

Beth had been sitting quietly beside him, in the midst of her happiness, and when at last she looked again at her father his still intense face frightened her.

"Why, father," she said, "what's the matter? Don't look like that. Come,

let me order the lights, for you to write your answer."

He turned toward her like a man in a dream.

"You are right, my dear," he said. "Call Jordan, please. Thank you. I will send Colonel Cadwalader my acceptance."

III

The bell on the lofty tower of Christ Church, ringing out the hour of service, had as an unusual accompaniment, the tramp of many feet, as the Third Battalion marched up Second Street, wheeled to the left, and entered the building on the north side. As they passed up the aisle a subdued murmur of admiration ran through the gallery, thronged with the best people of the city, and Beth, who occupied a seat of honor in the very front pew, was prevented from turning her head only by the restraining influence of Mrs. Duché, the Rector's wife, and the consciousness that she was, in a way, in the public eye. Soon the red-cushioned pews were filled with the men in buff and blue, and at their

heels poured in what the *Pennsylvania Gazette* next day called "a vast concourse of people." And yet, even after quiet had been restored, Beth's thoughts were not upon her father, who was sitting directly in front of her, nor upon the members of the Congress, who surrounded her on all sides. The most interesting pew was one across the aisle and a little behind her, where she knew the junior officers of the Battalion were sitting. Benjamin Chew had told her yesterday just where he was to be, and had described his lieutenant's uniform with such exactness that she could not have failed to recognize him even among the crowd. The excessive detail had, indeed, not been caused by any undue vanity on the part of the young officer, but had been rather a device to gain time to think just how he could approach another subject which he had been very eager to discuss ever since her father's acceptance had been made public. But Beth had succeeded in leaving him in a state of suspense, both as to her intentions and her father's, and the young man now sat in ill-suppressed impa-

tience for the sermon to commence and his doubts to be set at rest. He was not the only member of that assemblage who wondered what would be the tenor of the Provost's speech. His very presence was of course a sign of his sympathy with the colonial cause, but his well-known connection with England and his long hostility to the Assembly of Pennsylvania made many apprehensive that the sermon would not be altogether pleasing to the friends of liberty and separation. And each one there felt certain that Dr. Smith would say what he thought.

Amid the silence that followed the service the Provost ascended the steps of the pulpit. He stood for a moment, looking at the multitude—at the faces of Adams and Jefferson, of Hancock and Lee, at the gold and blue of the battalion, and, last of all, at the eager, intent crowd in the galleries, where sat many a friend of his, and some perhaps who were not so friendly.

He read in a clear tone the text he had selected. It was from Joshua, xxii: 22.

"The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, He knoweth, and Israel he shall know,—if it be in rebellion or in transgression against the Lord,—save us not this day."

He began with a history of the passage, telling how two of the tribes of Israel had chosen their inheritance on the other side of Jordan, opposite to the Temple, how at first all the tribes had been united, in peace and war, "until there stood not a man of all their enemies before them." And then how there had come dissension and strife, little by little, till at last the other tribes had crossed the river to war against their own flesh and blood, as enemies to the Commonwealth of Israel.

He then began to draw a parallel between the Biblical story and the present state of affairs in the colonies. He reminded his hearers of the days when they and their British allies had fought shoulder to shoulder against the French and Indians, enduring the same hardships and sharing the same graves. He spoke of the historic ties which bound the two nations together, of their com-

mon language and religion, and the debt which each owed to the other. And then he paused for a moment as though gathering strength for a supreme effort, and when he spoke again his voice had in it a new note, the note that a man strikes when he has left a part of his life behind him forever:

"My brethren, I am an Englishman, and no one has loved his native land more than I. I have told you of the bonds which bind us to our old home that you might feel this and might believe me the better in that which I am about to say to you. We are Englishmen, and, having never sold our birthright, we have considered ourselves entitled to the privileges of our father's house, to enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, to make our own laws, and to form for all time a loyal portion of the British Empire. These have been denied us. Instead of peace we have invasion, instead of liberty we have the alternatives of submission or death; instead of safety we have the massacre of Boston and the carnage of Bunker Hill!

"My friends, there are those among

you who have made non-resistance a principle of your lives, but even you must, in the hour of danger, hear the voice that is thundering through the land, proclaiming to all that a great people have recognized their trampled majesty. To draw the line and say where submission ends and resistance begins may not be the office of the minister of Christ, but God in His own government of the world never violates freedom, and His Scriptures themselves would be disregarded if brought to belie His voice, speaking in the hearts of men. And I, as His minister, wish now to speak to you in such a way that the sentiments of my Church and of my College may not be misunderstood.

"Look back, then, I beseech you, with reverence to the times of ancient virtue and renown. Look back to the mighty purposes which your fathers had in view when they traversed a vast ocean and planted this land. Look forward also to distant posterity, to the millions who may be born freemen or slaves as you in these days shall decide. Think that on you it may depend whether this

country in ages hence shall be filled and adorned with a great and enlightened people or covered with a race of men more contemptible than the savages that roam the wilderness, because they once knew 'the things that belonged to their happiness and peace, but suffered them to be hid from their eyes.'

"And while you thus look back to the past and forward to the future, fail not to look upward to the King of kings, before whom the might of the British Empire is as nothing, in whose displeasure lies defeat and in the light of whose countenance is victory. Look up to Him with confidence, my brethren, for our cause is right and true. And so strongly do I feel this that I dare in His name to tell it to you, here before the altar of Eternal Justice, in the House of God!"

As the Provost turned and walked down the pulpit steps there arose from the worshipers a sound that was half a sigh and half a murmur of applause. Then once again a deep quiet fell over the house, as Dr. Duché arose and said softly, "Let us pray."

The service had not been long con-

cluded when Chew knocked at the door of the Provost's house, and as he entered the hall he found that gentleman resting after his labors, in the depths of a large arm chair.

"Good morning, Dr. Smith," said the young officer. "It was a great privilege to have heard you this morning."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Chew. I shall be glad to know all my friends are pleased with my address."

"It was not only the manner, sir," added Chew, "it was the matter that delighted us mostly. We had not been altogether certain that our cause had found favor in your eyes."

"It was not an easy decision I had to make, Mr. Chew, I assure you. But—" he added with a smile, "you did not come here to talk politics, I know. You will find my daughter in the library, I fancy."

"Thank you, sir. I did wish to see her. But might I ask you first, do her sentiments agree with yours, sir,—about the colonies and the king, I mean?"

The Provost looked up surprised. "I have no reason to think otherwise,"

he said. "In fact," he added with another smile, "she furnished me with one of my strongest reasons for deciding as I did."

"Indeed," said the young man earnestly, "and might I ask, sir, what that reason was?"

"Indeed you might not," said a voice from the doorway, and Chew turned to see Beth standing at "Salute." "That is a secret between father and myself. Good morning, Lieutenant. Did you wish to see me?"

Chew followed her into the library and as he took her outstretched hand, he saw a light in her eyes which no one else had ever seen there because no one but himself had put it there. And he knew that what he had to say would be only a detail.

The Provost watched their retreating figures and then expressions of surprise, uneasiness and resignation succeeded each other on his countenance.

"There will soon be another question for me to decide," he said to himself. "And I think, as before, I will have to take Beth's advice."

YB 39660

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

SEP 0 7 2001

12,000 (11/95)